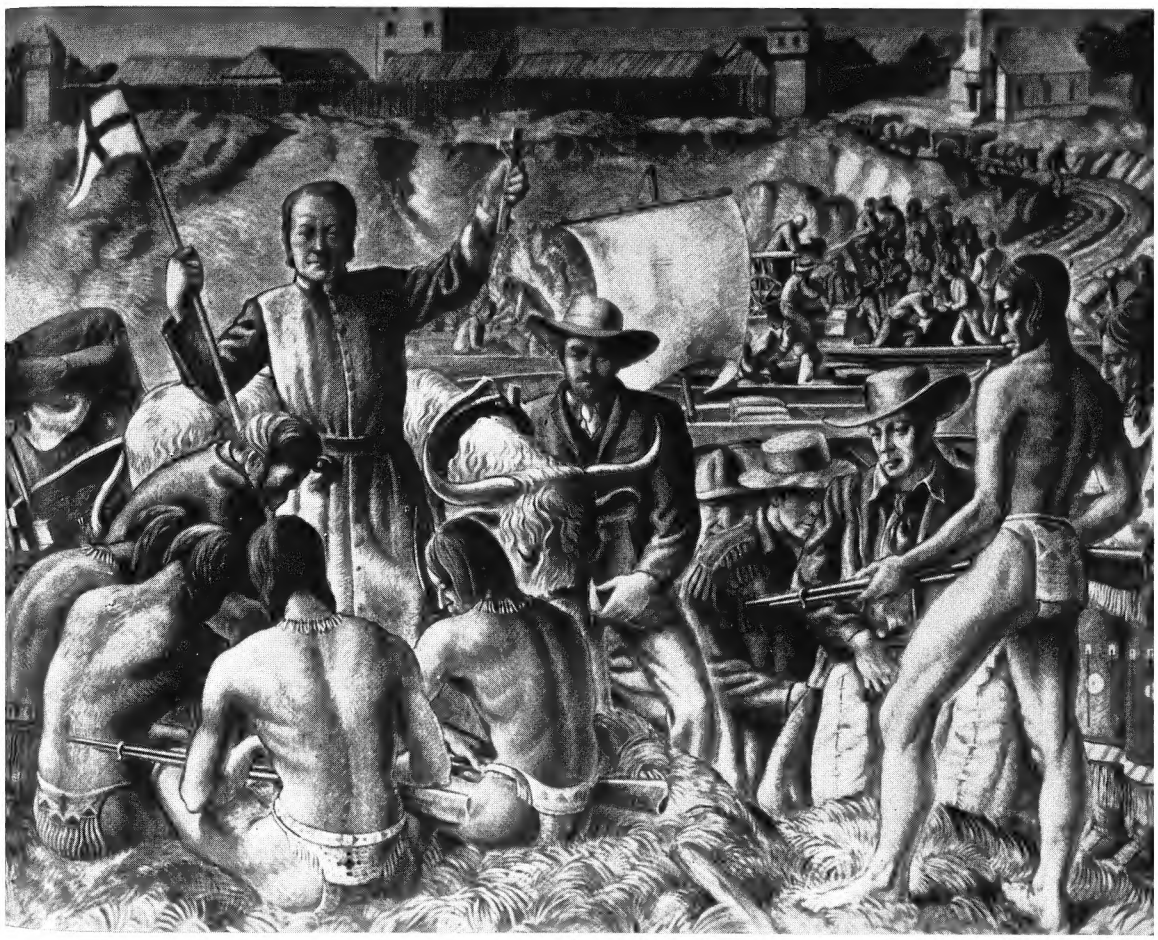
The NEW TRAIL



Mural by H. G. Glyde, R.C.A., Rutherford Library

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, SUMMER, 1951

VOLUME IX **NUMBER 2**

Subscriptions $1.00 per year. Individual copies, 25 cents

FOOTBALL FACTS

EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW

For the convenience of football followers attending Eskimo club games at Clarke Stadium, The Journal has reprinted a number of the more important rules. Knowledge of these rules will increase your enjoyment of the play.

You may obtain a copy at the switchboard in The Journal building, or at the score-board at Clarke Stadium. If you are an out-of town enthusiast write for a copy enclosing a self-addressed 2c stamped envelope.

FOR COMPLETE SPORTS NEWS, BE SURE TO GET . . .

The Edmonton Journal

ONE OF CANADA'S GREAT NEWSPAPERS

The New Trail

A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
and its Alumni Association

Editor: J. W. E. Markle
Associate Editor: Edith Park *Business Manager*: J. M. Whidden
Art Editor: H. G. Glyde

Advisory Board:
G. F. McNally Andrew Stewart
C. M. Macleod W. H. Swift

Volume IX Summer, 1951 Number 2

CONTENTS

Editor's Page		p. 69
Nightmare—and Dream Come True	Marjorie Sherlock	p. 73
Address at the Opening of the Rutherford Library	R. C. Wallace	p. 76
The Problem of the Humanities	F. M. Salter	p. 79
The Newest Profession	H. V. Weekes	p. 86
New Chalets at the Banff School of Fine Arts	W. H. Johns	p. 90
My Garden in August	Georgina H. Thomson	p. 92
Books of our Own (F. G. Roe: *The North American Bison*)		p. 93
Groucher	Myrtle P. Hartroft	p. 94
Whiskeyjack		p. 95
Trail Blazers (Dr. John Convey)		p. 97
In Memoriam (Helen E. Farquharson, Dr. W. A. Wilson, Dr. W. H. Scott, G. W. Auxier, K.C.)		p. 98
Reports to Convocation	Andrew Stewart	pp. 100, 108
Presentations to Convocation (Dr. Stanley, Dr. R. C. Wallace, Dr. Robert Newton, F. G. Winspear)		pp. 104,105, 111, 113
Address to the Graduating Class	R. C. Wallace	p. 106
Address to the Graduating Class	F. G. Winspear	p. 114
Address to Alumni	Marian Gimby	p. 117
Chipmunk		p. 120

Annual subscription to *The New Trail* is $1.00. If the subscriber is an alumnus of the University of Alberta, subscription is included in the annual membership dues of the Alumni Association. (See page 4.)

The Contents of this issue are copyright.
Printed by the University Printing Department.

General Alumni Association

President—Dr. A. C McGugan '29. *Vice-President*—J. C. Ken Madsen '39. *Past President*—Dr. W. H. Swift '24, '27, '30. *Honorary Secretary*—G. B. Taylor '23, '25. *Councillors*—Rodney Pike '36, Edmonton; Gordon Sterling '41, 4A; Dr. P. J. Kendal '36, Dental; Bob Houlihan '41 Winnipeg; Bob Bannerman '49, Calgary; Paul Thomas '37, '49, Edmonton; Dr. Frank Conroy '38, Medical; Mrs Fred Heath '38, Toronto; J. G. McIntosh '36, Victoria; Dr. J. L. Wyatt '30, Medicine Hat; Dr. J. W. Chalmers '35, '41, '47, Zone 3; C. G. Youngs '48, Saskatoon; R. Morley Tanner '44; Lethbridge; Robb Wilson '47, '49, Zone 5; Audrey Fysh '49, Nurses; Isadore Goresky '29, 45. Smoky Lake-Thorhild *Permanent Secretary*—J. W E. Markle '37.

CENTRAL ALBERTA:
Pres.—Gordon Sweet, Lacombe.
Sec.—Tom Ford, Lacombe.

DENTAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:
Pres.—Dr. Faust Gowda, 620 Tegler Bldg., Edmonton.

DRUMHELLER:
Pres.—J. F. Watkin, Drumheller.
Sec.—J. E. Taylor, Drumheller.

LETHBRIDGE:
Pres.—Dr. Edmund Cairns, 120 McFarland Building
Sec.—Miss Jennie Henderson, 219 Sherlock Block.

MEDICAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:
Pres.—Dr. J. M. Lees, 502 McLeod Bldg, Edmonton.
Sec.—Dr. O. Rostrup, 416 McLeod Bldg, Edmonton.

MEDICINE HAT:
Pres.—Dr J. L Wyatt, 467 Second Street
Sec—Mrs Isabelle Sissons, 320 1st Street S E.

MONTREAL:
Pres.—A. M. Thompson, 1345 Sherbrooke St., Lachine
Sec.—Jack D Sylvester, 139 Valois Bay Avenue, Valois.
Registrar—Clarence S Campbell, 603 Sun Life Building.

NURSES' ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION:
Pres.—Mrs. G. Bell, 11141 85 Ave, Edmonton.
Sec.—Mrs. W. Kupchenko, 10707 81 Ave., Edmonton.

OTTAWA:
Pres.—A G Markle, 122 Melrose Avenue, Ottawa.
Sec.—Miss Agnes Fleming, 498 Driveway, Ottawa.

PEACE RIVER::
Pres—S. W. Hooper, Peace River
Sec—M. Ukrainetz, Peace River.

SASKATOON:
Registrar—Dr. E. Y. Spencer, 1038 11 St. E.

SMOKY LAKE-THORHILD:
Pres.—H. A. Kostash, Smoky Lake.

TORONTO:
Pres—Dr L O Bradley, 90 Snowdon Avenue.
Sec—Miss Nellie Salamandick, 191 Oakwood Avenue

TWO HILLS DIVISION:
Pres.—Fred Hannochko, Two Hills.
Sec.—Mrs. A. B Young, Two Hills.

VANCOUVER:
Pres.—Dr. J. C. Grimson, 1611 W. 54th Ave.
Sec—Mrs Roy G Chapman, 1375 Comox Street.

VICTORIA:
Pres.—Dr H. R Turner, 1092 Newport Ave.
Sec.—R. W. Chard, 323 Pemberton Bldg, 625 Fort Street.

WINNIPEG:
Pres.—C. D. Osterland, 807 Somerset Ave.
Sec—Dorothy Grant, 86 Wildwood Park, Fort Garry.

4A:
Pres.—Gordon Sterling, Supervisor, Soil Conservation and Weed Control, Parliament Buildings, Edmonton.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION DUES

(Including Subscription to *The New Trail*)

- ☐ Alumni Association member, $1.00.
- ☐ Joint Membership, $1.50.
- ☐ Friends of the University, $5.00 up.
- ☐ Friends who are also Alumni members, $6.00 up.
- ☐ Life Membership, $25.00.
- ☐ Other subscribers to *The New Trail*, $1.00.

Indicate your classification by marking X in the box opposite the one to which you belong. Clip out and enclose with your cheque or money order to Business Manager, The New Trail, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Date

Signature

Address

The Editor's Page

"JACK"

Alumni of the University and readers of *The New Trail* will be distressed to learn that Mr. J. W. E. Markle has fallen victim to one of the ills that flesh is heir to. He is in sick bed, in Kentucky, and unable to return. We have it from his own pen that he is making a fine recovery, and we hope to see him back on the campus in the Fall. His restoration to strength and health will be the more rapid if there is really virtue, as there must be, in good wishes, for we know that many Albertans all across Canada will be "pulling" for him.

EDITOR PRO TEM.

In the absence of Mr. Markle, the first editor of *The New Trail* is back on the job. When *The Trail* wound up in bogs and quicksands, we were called upon to blaze a *new* trail. There was no money in those days, and *The New Trail* was financed on next year's hopes. It was hard going, especially as we felt that every member of the University in uniform deserved a free copy. We still remember with warmth and happiness the unsuspected good will that was uncovered and how desperately to the point were the gifts of extra cash that came in from persons who did not want to see *The New Trail* die. Providence, in short, rewarded the pure in heart—and when we walked into Mr. Markle's office in the Students' Union Building the other day, we could not believe we had ever had anything to do with such a "posh" institution. The man not only has a beautiful new desk and a spacious office to put it in, but an outer office and a Secretary. Our pleasure in her was strictly vicarious, for she is on holiday. Like the first editor of *The New Trail,* the editor *pro tem.* does his own typing. All these signs of prosperity gladdened the pure heart, and we resolved that the first thing to appear in this issue would be a word of thanks to all those who have made it possible.

What Mr. Markle's special plans were for this issue, it has been difficult to discover since he has been held more or less incommunicado. What is here presented has been slapped together with the efficient help of Dr. Walter H. Johns, Executive Assistant to the President of the University, a man to whom, we suspect, *The New Trail,* to say nothing of the rest of the University, has long been deeply in debt. Mrs. Park also came through nobly, and our old good friends, the printers. Chatting with Alf the other day, we leaned against a case of type and watched George at the linotype. It was a pleasure to watch, so smooth and easy and skilful—you can have your movies and your million-dollar shows: we'd rather see a good workman on the job. Mrs. Donnan has been on vacation, but Maxine—there's a bonny lass!—has been efficient and jolly in the front office.

We keep getting off the track—we meant to say that under the circumstances this issue will be short of the breadth of interest characteristic of *The New Trail* under the guidance of "Jack." We can only apologize and hope that he will soon return.

UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS

The New Trail hails a new baby sister, *MAT*. Let nobody step on her. The name comes from the initials of Music, Art, Theatre. *MAT* is the successor to *Western Theatre* which was the successor to *Stage Door* which was probably the successor to several other printed or mimeographed publications. The new issue (Volume 1, Number 1, is dated June, 1951) seems attractive, but has no masthead. Why the editors should conceal themselves does not appear, for the first number is appealing and interesting. *MAT* seems to be issued without cost by the Departments of Extension and Fine Arts of the University, but there is no indication of how one gets on the mailing list. We trust that this new venture will gain more support and prestige than "throw papers" usually do.

The rise of this new phoenix from the ashes of two older ones, so reminiscent of the experience of *The Trail* and *The New Trail,* brings home the fact that the trail of the University itself is marked by discontinued publications. There have been almost innumerable ventures by print and by mimeograph, some of them—like the *Alberta Law Quarterly* and the *Folk Lore Quarterly*—very worthy of support and continuation.

When the present editor *pro tem.* of this journal was editor *pro* a little longer *tem.,* he suggested that the whole University should express itself in *The New Trail.* That solution is an obvious one, for none of these evanescent publications has the breadth of interest to carry it, none of them can muster the numbers of subscribers to finance it, none of them can maintain the editorial enthusiasm to keep it alive. They die of deadly repetition and dwindling interest. Usually the editors have too many other duties; publication becomes irregular, and the journal dies since no publication in the world is strong enough to survive the insidious disease of deadlines neglected.

We still think well of that proposal. To elaborate: *The New Trail* should be published once a month. Four issues a year should be, as at present, dedicated to matters of general interest. Two issues a year should be devoted to the special interests of Fine Arts, two each to Law, Education, Agriculture. Medicine, Engineering, and Dentistry which have already had ephemeral voices, would no doubt wish to come in also; and a single issue might be devoted to two Faculties. The special issues could be separately subscribed for—as it is possible to subscribe for the London *Times Literary Supplement* or the *Times Educational Supplement* without subscribing to the daily *Times* at all. The strength of the central organization would lend support where needed to enterprises incapable of carrying themselves; and the whole group would add power and authority to the central organization. The operation of the scheme would require no more machinery than *The New Trail* has now provided; and it could give effective expression to the entire University. It has always seemed to us pitiful or tragic that all these voices should sing their brief, frail, single notes when, together, they could create a splendid choir, the finest university magazine in the world.

All this will seem a wry sort of welcome to those responsible for *MAT*. We would not have it so taken, for we wish our young sister health and strength and happiness, and offer her—if and when it should become necessary—our established strength to lean upon.

WE BLUSH

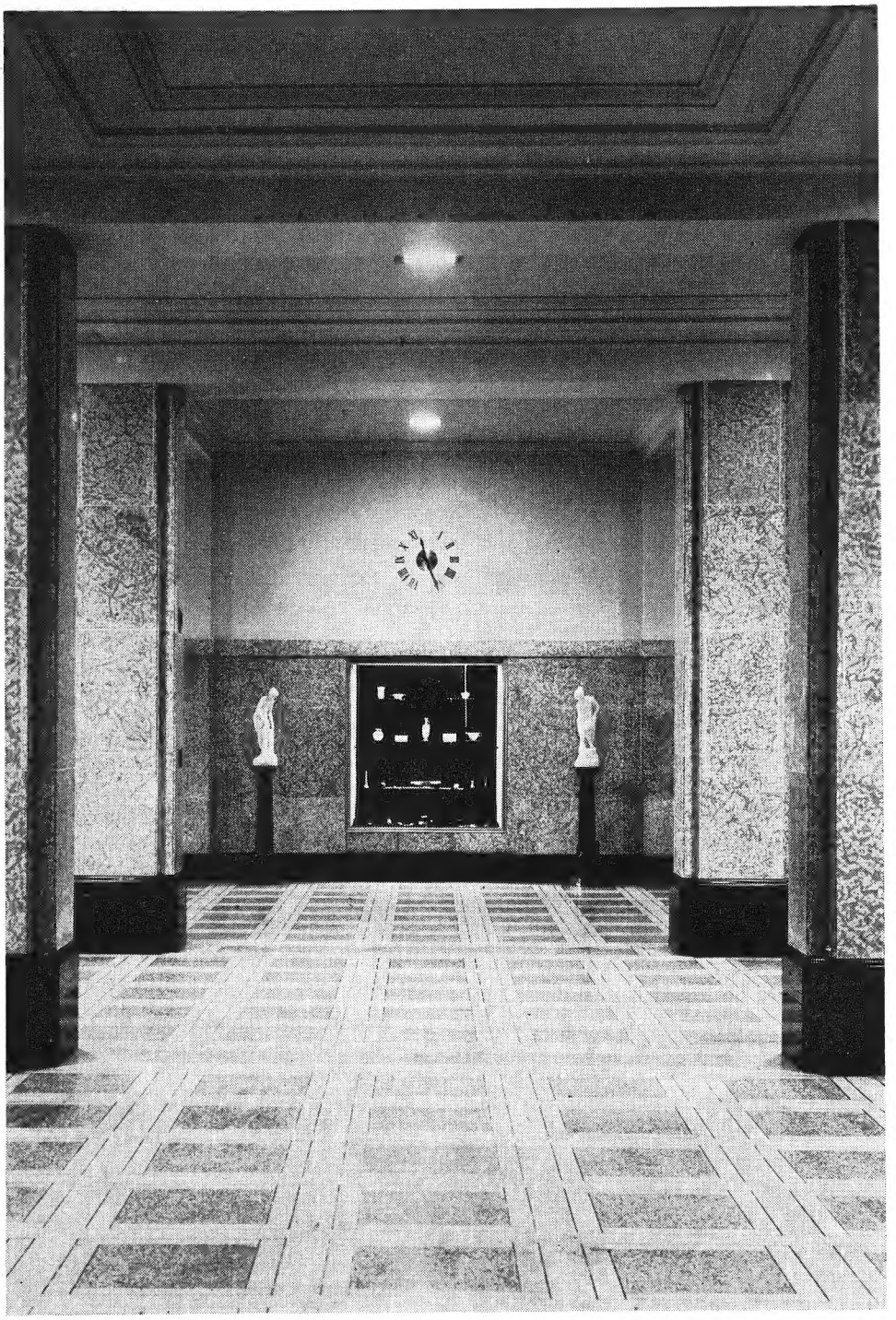
Miss Myrtle P. Hartroff has written in to say that the poem, "Thy Victory," ascribed to her in the Spring issue, was not written by her. The real author will perhaps forgive us our inability to discover his name if we promise to haunt the Alumni Office with (1) a shillelagh, (2) a double-barreled *four*-gauge shot-gun loaded with brass cartridges personally filled with nails, bolts, and odds and ends, (3) an old-time teacher's strap with protruding tacks—until such time as this error is corrected.

THE MURAL

It is with a sense of deepest privilege that we reproduce for our cover the Mural which appears (see p. 75) in the Reference room of the Rutherford Library. It is accompanied by a plaque bearing the following inscription:

This Mural is the gift of
H. G. Glyde, R.C.A.
Painted by him 1950-51
and unveiled by Robert Newton
President Emeritus
May 15, 1951

As this excellent painting was described by Mrs. Park in our last issue (p. 35), and as we propose to solicit a special article upon it for future publication, we shall attempt here no explanation of its composite of historical scenes and incidents. Nor shall we attempt any account of its powerful appeal. Few words are best: we can only say that Mr. Glyde's generosity—for it would certainly have cost the University dollars in five figures to have commissioned any comparable piece of work—is exceeded only by his artistic skill. Long after we who now breathe this high, clear Alberta air have become forgotten dust, the Mural will remain one of the most valued possessions of those who come after us.



Entrance Foyer, the Rutherford Library. The beautiful marble figures are the gift of Mr. E. E. Poole of the Poole Construction Co. They are French sculpture of the early 19th century, and are wrought in Parian marble with black marble pedestals. They add the last perfect touch of beauty to a most beautiful entrance hall.

Nightmare--And Dream Come True

By Marjorie Sherlock

Zero hour for the library came at 8 a.m., April 28, 1951. At that moment all the carefully-laid plans for the move from the old quarters to the new Rutherford Library were to be put to the test, and the moving staff consisting of 25 library staff members, 25 graduating students, 20 janitors, and 2 mover's trucks and drivers, swung into action.

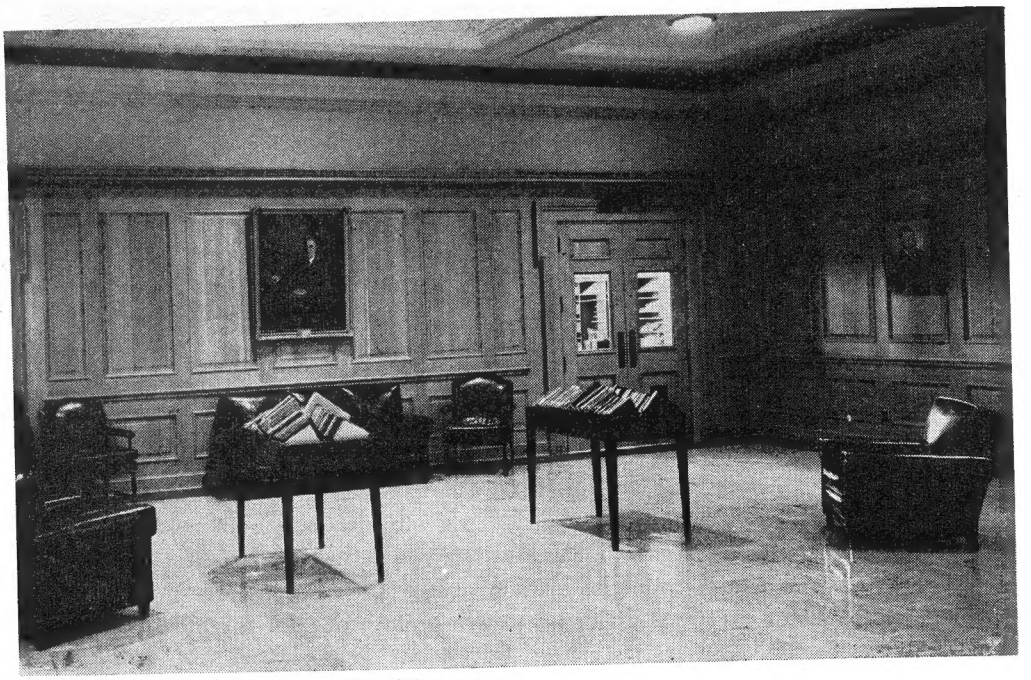
The move had been preceded by much careful (and prayerful) planning. Every shelf in the old and new libraries was numbered and an exact plan of the new shelving arrangement made. Four hundred special wooden boxes with handles had been designed and made by the University Works Department. Wooden chutes had been built from the floor of the English stack room in the basement of the Arts Building to a loading platform on the sidewalk outside the windows. Besides the boxes and the chutes, there were "dollies," little wagons with rope handles, for moving the packed boxes to and from the loading areas. Now the fateful moment had come. The moving crew was divided into two groups, one for the old library and one for the new, and we were away!

Those who took part in the move retain a confused memory of dust, hard work, laughter, good fellowship, rain, and more dust. Books and unbound journals which had not seen the light of day for twenty years were unearthed amid clouds of dust, and moved to new quarters along with those in general use. We shall long remember the enthusiasm and willing co-operation of the graduating students, who, fresh from final exams and awaiting Convocation, treated the hard manual work as a sort of holiday. Nor shall we soon forget the energy and efficiency of Mr. "Scotty" Maclean who bullied and jollied us all into intensified effort by cracking an imaginary whip over our heads.

Mid-morning and mid-afternoon heard the cry of "Coffee Up," when everyone relaxed for ten minutes over coffee and cookies provided by the Librarian. Just to make things a little more difficult, the worst three-day gale and rain storm in ten years harassed us during the first week, and first one tarpaulin and then another collapsed amid the groans and jeers of the workers.

Each day at 5 p.m. we knocked off work convinced that we could not lift another book. And each successive day we reported at 8 a.m. ready for the fray once more. And so the move went on, and the Main Library and the various branch and departmental collections (a total of some 150,000 catalogued and uncatalogued volumes) were moved in the space of eight days. This, so far as we can learn, constitutes a record in library moving, and one of which we feel justly proud.

As the dust settled and the student helpers departed, the library staff got down to the task of setting the new library to rights, dusting, tidying, arranging displays and preparing for the Opening of the Library on May 15th—all to be done within the space of one week.



—Browsing Nook, The Rutherford Library

And now that we are in the new library, people ask us what it feels like. "Wonderful!" we reply fervently. But no single word, no matter how superlative, can possibly describe the sensations of wonder and relief we feel at the space and facilities that are now ours. After the crowded rooms and packed shelves of the old quarters, it gives us a feeling of astonished delight to contemplate the spacious reading rooms and book-stacks, and to find ourselves after so many years at last able to seat our readers in comfort and actually to shelve our books.

We can now enjoy our first experience of seminars and conference rooms, a microfilm room, a music room and an art gallery. Our projection room, seating 100 and equipped with motion picture and slide projectors, provides facilities for instructors requiring to illustrate their lectures, and also during the noon hour for the free showing of documentary and scientific films by the Department of Extension. The stacks contain 70 carrells or individual study cubicles for the use of faculty and graduate students.

Our Music room, comfortably furnished as a lounge and well supplied with $2,000 worth of long-playing records, will be used for recreational programs of recorded music in the late afternoons and evenings, and music appreciation talks. The Browsing area on the Second floor is furnished with comfortable red leather settees and chairs. It contains a continually changing collection of books for general reading, and invites our borrowers to read for pleasure.

The use of color in the Library is one of its outstanding features, and remains a constant source of pleasure. Each room is finished in a different color, and the soft tones of the panelled wood and the tiled and terrazzo floors harmonize with the walls to create an atmosphere of restfulness and beauty. The furniture is an-

other joy to us. Every piece is new, and especially designed for us in blond oak or walnut to match the woodwork of the rooms.

For the first time in our history we can bring out from vault and cupboard, the library's treasures of rare books, old pictures and maps, and ornaments of glass and pottery, and display them to our public in the handsome new display cases.

From the point of view of library administration it is a great advantage to have the small reading rooms, formerly scattered over the campus, united under one roof. It enables us for the first time to provide trained reference staff for all, and to give much more efficient service and longer hours to these library users.

After the dark, stuffy, and crowded Work rooms of the past, the library staff can hardly as yet realize their good fortune in the large well-lighted working areas of the new library, fitted with the most up-to-date equipment. A staff elevator, a pneumatic tube system and book conveyor, and an electric book-lift help to make our service easier and more efficient.

It is now several months since we moved in, and we are still not used to the wonders of the building we now inhabit. Those of the staff who have lived through the old days almost pinch themselves at times to realize that at long last the dream has come true.

—Main Reading Room, The Rutherford Library

Address at the Opening of the Rutherford Library

University of Alberta—May 15, 1951

By Dr. R. C. Wallace

I feel honoured in being asked to speak at the opening of this building. The occasion brings back to me memories that are very dear. The authorities of this University have decided to perpetuate the name of a former Chancellor, Dr. A. C. Rutherford, with whom I had the pleasure of being associated in a very intimate way during the years when he was Chancellor and I was President of this University. The University was very dear to Dr. Rutherford. The students were very dear to him. The tea in his hospitable home on the day before graduation to all the students who were to kneel before him on the following day was an event long to be remembered. And the way that his handclasp seemed perceptibly longer when a young lady of special attractions knelt before him was a feature which caused me to feel that there were aspects of the Chancellor's duties which it was not given to a mere President to share. But it is, I feel sure, not for any of these things that this building will be known to all future generations of students. The real reason is that he was a lover of books, and had acquired a library of Canadiana which had few peers among private collections. Not only had he the library. He knew his books. Many students sought him to obtain assistance in some phase of Canadian studies. He could give the necessary references, and he could usually supply the necessary material out of his own wealth of books and pamphlets and documents. So it is eminently fitting that the man who was the first Premier of this Province, the Chancellor for many years of a University which he had much to do with founding in his capacity as Premier, and a great lover of books, should be associated for all time with this building which so proudly carries his name. There is a still deeper reason why I feel happy in being present on this occasion. I had a great affection for Dr. Rutherford. His wisdom, his transparent sincerity, his kindliness and generous support won my heart. It is a special honour to pay this tribute to a man whose name will always live in the annals of this province.

In my time here the Library was in the Arts Building, crowded to the door and lacking in the facilities in study and seminar rooms which a modern university library, such as this one is, must have. Presiding over the library was D. E. Cameron, of fragrant memory, whose word was a benediction, and whose philosophic outlook on life lightened the darker hours of so many of his colleagues. He knew books as few men knew books. He was less concerned with the fine points of university library administration—the kind of thing that is taught in library schools today. Perhaps he did not value technique very highly. But he valued knowledge and he knew how to stimulate enthusiasm in the quest for knowledge. After all, that is the important thing in a university library or in any other library. Mr. Cameron has left in my mind, and I feel sure in the minds of many friends who are here, the memory of one who knew the real value of education, and who had an abiding satisfaction in transmitting a sense of these values to others. And to so

many others. For he touched life at many points, and where he touched, he stimulated.

You stole Marjorie Sherlock from us at Queen's. I suppose that if one wishes to be a thief, one should be sure that what is stolen is worth while. We stole her from Alberta, so justice has caught up on us. We missed her greatly when she left us, but it is a matter of real pleasure to see what she has achieved. And she has achieved greatly. As an old friend and colleague, I cannot wish her anything greater than that this library may under her direction stimulate successive generations of students to taste of the pleasure of reading to a purpose and of reading for the sheer pleasure of reading. The two aims are different. Both can profitably be cultivated by university students, and for that matter by members of a university staff as well.

A university library differs from a public library in that the first objective—directed reading—is stressed almost to the exclusion of desultory reading. For students have a programme of work. They read in and around a special subject. They proceed on the plan of enlarging their knowledge and of sharpening their critical faculties in some field that for the moment holds their attention. They learn to appraise, to discriminate, to discard. The books are selected in large measure with this end in view. There are few fields of study for which a good university library cannot supply the requisite tools even to a very advanced stage. And card index files are adequate to direct the student to what he wants in the field of his special interest. He may need guidance as to the order of his reading, but an intelligent student can as a rule guide himself. The files are adequate and self explanatory. The freshman needs guidance as to finding his way about. But upper classmen trouble the staff little. The graduate students, to whom libraries are paying more and more attention, need to be sure that they are not covering ground in their research that has been covered already. They have to be expert in searching the literature, and must be in a position to lay their hands on any paper, wherever it may be published and in whatever language, which may be helpful in the particular investigation in which they are engaged. They are the joy of the good librarian's heart, for they discover the strength—and the weakness—of any library. Their demands are necessarily high.

But all of this is in the realm of the technical, in which I have no right to speak on an occasion such as this. What is more to one's liking is the desultory reader, who browses in a library for what he may enjoy. For him—or her—the library assistant who knows books is a veritable godsend. A book may be suggested which might probably please this particular reader. It cannot be suggested unless it has already been read and enjoyed. All the training in library technique—and there is training aplenty in this field—avails little unless there is as well a knowledge of books, not by title, but in their inward parts. In that there is little training in library schools. The love of books is a heaven-sent gift which it is the main business of libraries and of library staffs to stimulate and support. Especially is there the need to know the books which, as Samuel Johnson said of the *Pilgrim's Progress,*

have "the general and continued approbation of mankind." They are the treasures in any library, for in them is reposited the wisdom of the ages.

The reader who browses in a library such as this one is, and who is guided from time to time by a friendly hint, enlarges his experience by reliving with the author of the book which he chooses the experiences of the characters which the book portrays. Aesthetically and emotionally he is lifted, for the time being, out of himself. Escape it may be called, and it is often so called in our day. But it is more. It is an enriching and amplifying of one's own life, by suggesting meaning and value to the activities which so frequently seem circumscribed and straightened. It removes imaginary barriers, and lifts the eyes to the wide horizons. In a word, rightly used, it makes life so much more worth while.

Such then are the possibilities of the Rutherford Library. It will help the student to a disciplining of the mind in the mastering of the literature in the field of his specific study. That in the university library will always be the main task. But it will also provide, I trust, the relaxation and enjoyment which comes from browsing, from selecting and reading a book merely for the pleasure of reading it, and for the intellectual and aesthetic stimulus which the reading will give. And if the interests of the reader be more specifically in the field of literature, the words of Elizabeth Drew, that sane writer about books, may be taken to show how great are the possibilities of a richer and fuller life. And I close with her words.

'He (the reader whom I have described) can say that he believes in the eternal human values which are incarnated in the figures of Prometheus or Hamlet, of Esmond or Imogen, of Jane Eyre or Constance Povey. He can say that he believes in the grandeur of *Paradise Lost* and the grace of "Gather Ye Rosebuds," in the flame of "Tyger, Tyger burning bright," in the austerity of *Rosmersholm,* and the perfect harmony of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." He can say that he believes in the wit of Congreve and the wisdom of George Eliot; in the sensibility of Donne and the profundity of Dostoievsky; in the intelligence of Aldous Huxley and the friendliness of Dr. Johnson; in the intellectual honesty of Shaw and the intellectual curiosity of Wells; in the wide, sympathetic, sophisticated sanity of Chaucer and Fielding and Tolstoi; and in the might, majesty, dominion and power of the poetry of Shakespeare.'

—●—

Quizz Section: How many persons have graduated from the University of Alberta?

Prize for correct answer: (1) A free registration blank for the Alumni Association, plus (2) A happy sense of accomplishment.

All answers must be mailed before noon to page 119.

The Problem of the Humanities

By F. M. Salter

There has recently been great vocal or verbal concern over the Humanities. Our last President gave lectures to the Freshmen in which he stressed their importance; and one of these lectures, "The King's English," insisted upon the relevance to modern life of English Literature and the English Language. These are, to people of our tongue, central to the entire problem. There have sprung up new organizations to "preserve" the Humanities; and the Massey Commission on Arts, Letters, and Sciences in Canada has just reported showing that many persons are deeply worried. To my mind, the whole problem is really quite simple: it is a problem of *teaching* humane arts and letters, and teaching them effectively.

As English is central to the problem, and as it is the subject with which I am most familiar, I shall confine myself largely to that. And the first point that I would like to make is that *the teaching of English requires work.*

In the teaching of English two things are involved, but these two ultimately resolve themselves into one. They are the fostering of appreciation of Literature—and Literature with an unblushing capital L—and the cultivation of skill in expression. I shall confine myself to the latter, but it must not be forgotten that every advance a pupil makes toward mastery of language and ability to express ideas, enhances his ability to appreciate the masterpieces of literary art. The corollory is also true, but to a more limited extent: that every advance he makes toward real understanding of Literature enhances his ability to communicate with others. The teaching of Literature and Language, then, resolves itself very largely into the single problem of teaching a craft, a skill, or an art.

In the nature of these things, learning is impossible without doing. A carpenter cannot learn his craft without actually using a hammer and saw, any more than anyone can learn to swim without swimming. Anyone who wants to learn to use language, must pitch in and use it; and anyone who wants to learn to express ideas must start by expressing them. But it is an extremely rare individual who can readily learn any trade, craft, skill, or art by himself. Here the teacher comes in.

There is sound common sense, as well as the universal experience of mankind, in the apprenticeship system. Here one master-craftsman sets a pupil to work, and watches carefully every move he makes. At most, there will not be more than two or three boys working with one master; and when the seven years are ended, those boys will know their trade. Appreciation of Literature and skill in expression are not less difficult to learn than carpentry or brick-laying.

In the academic world, also, the apprenticeship system has been used; we call it the Tutorial Method. When we speak of the Tutorial Method, we really confine ourselves to the teaching of the Humanities, for this famous and effective method was developed and is still being used in the Old Country primarily for English and

humanistic studies. In this country we cannot afford so expensive a system. If we had it in Alberta, the teaching of English would cost perhaps a half or a quarter as much as the teaching of a science. That is to say, it is quite prohibitive.

Science, as everyone knows, requires laboratories. And laboratories require equipment. And the equipment costs as much as anyone cares to imagine. Set your own wildest figure, and any scientist worth his salt will double and re-double it, and re-double it again. But the scientists today almost unanimously insist upon the values of the Humanities and the need especially for teaching English—perhaps because they think it costs nothing to teach English, and they can yell at the same time for a new atom-smasher. But give me half the money that is spent upon a single science in Alberta today—say Physics or Chemistry—and I'll give you a school of humanistic studies, starting at the kindergarten, that would make ancient Athens look like a backwoods settlement.

Let me not be condemned for a sharp word. I have no animus against science. Even in *The New Trail* I have proved my sympathy with the sciences time and time again. No person who breathes modern air can fail to understand that the sciences are of immediate, life-preserving importance to us. There is no sense in being concerned about the Humanities at all unless we can survive. The scientists speed our feet in the race against death.

We cannot use the Tutorial System in Alberta, then, because it is too expensive. If we had it, children could use their language vocally under the constant encouragement, instruction, and criticism of the tutor; the best we can do is to ask them to write frequent exercises of every sort. Without the same encouragement, instruction, and criticism, however, their writing will have practically no value. Every word they write must be carefully read, corrected, and commented upon. Otherwise, the whole attempt is farce. And this is part of the *work* which is involved in the teaching of English.

Just as a boy learning painting, carving, carpentry, or music must practise *every day*, so children learning their Language and Literature must be at it constantly. They should have daily written exercises, and these should be carefully read. But let us place ourselves in the position of an English teacher in a large modern High School with, what is not uncommon, 300 pupils. If the pupils wrote only ten words a day, the teacher would have 3,000 words to read, every day. But the pupil cannot learn much from an assignment of ten words. The simplest paragraph will take 200—and that would give the teacher 60,000 words to read—the length of a short novel. Naturally, 300 separate exercises cannot be read as fast as a novel, especially when every word and comma must be checked and comments written. What the teacher really has to do is to get into 300 separate minds and divine their difficulties. Let us reduce the burden, then, remembering however that every reduction of the assignment carries us further and further from the ideal. We shall let our teacher assign an average of 200 words a week. Will she find time to read even that bulk of material?

Let us remember that she is fully occupied during the day—and, in all probability, is frazzled when it is over. But she has her two-day week end. So has everybody

else—laborers, the Civil Service, architects—all of whom are through when the whistle blows.

I'm not talking about imaginary things. I know what I'm talking about. I've been there. For years on end I spent every waking hour on Saturday and Sunday, and every week night except Friday when I was completely "shot," reading the papers of High School pupils. It's a good recipe for a short life. It's a splendid recipe for dying long before you're dead. And I don't know why teachers shouldn't be able to go to church or enjoy the innocent pleasures of other people.

Now let us take a look at *The Programme of Studies for the High Schools of Alberta*: "Written language will include training in vocabulary enrichment, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling; in expression of ideas with clarity and effectiveness; in creative writing, the birthright of every boy and girl." No teacher wants to deny boys and girls their birthright; no teacher joined his profession for that purpose—but we have seen that even so inadequate a prescription at 200 words a week is impossible. Don't forget: on top of the writing assignment, there are lessons to prepare, free reading to test, reports to make, and all manner of disciplinary problems that wear the fine edge of enthusiasm to a ragged saw blade. What are the results?

No parent needs to be told. Everyone knows the desperate make-shifts and frantic short-cuts of teachers trying to get through the day somehow. Even examinations dispense with writing and use short-answers and multiple choices. And the almost universal testimony of our Freshmen is that they never wrote an essay in their lives. As for their enriched vocabularies, skill in punctuation and spelling and sentence structure, the clarity and effectiveness of their expression of ideas, and their experience in "creative writing, the birthright of every boy and girl," these things aren't even funny. When we ask Freshmen for an essay of a thousand words, most of them are absolutely appalled, reduced to a jelly of frustration, apprehension, and sheer nerveless helplessness. We might as well ask them to build Canterbury Cathedral over the week-end.

I am not condemning the schools. Far from it. The schools are doing a far better job than they did when I was a pupil. In the hostile face of modern life, they are doing a job that is absolutely magnificent and heroic and realistic. I do think there might be less humbug in the *Programme of Studies;* and I confess to some weariness over this constant modern insistence on the value of the Humanities. What people really value, they will pay for. And it must be the most obvious of all things that if teachers of English in the schools are to do their job at all, they must have half or less the teaching hours of other teachers, and half or fewer the number of pupils that other teachers have. Then they could at least make a gesture toward cultivating English, the subject central to the whole Humanities problem. And then business men would perhaps find school graduates capable of writing a letter, and our Freshmen would not be mentally paralyzed when asked to string two or three paragraphs together on the same subject.

If the teaching of English requires work in the schools, it requires work in the University also. We need not study this question for ourselves. Many investi-

gations have proved that the best class size for effective teaching of Freshman English is 30-35. In the twelve years that I have been in this University, we have never had Freshmen sections so low; we have had many sections of over 100 students. Last year, the sections came down considerably and averaged 54.

The absolute, irreducible minimum assignment for effective teaching of Composition is 1,000 words a week. The instructor with two sections of Freshmen would have 108,000 words a week to read, correct, and comment upon. He has to establish contact with, and enter into, 108 minds. Three thousand words an hour is a fair average speed for careful reading, correction, and comment. Our instructor therefore must spend 36 hours a week at reading essays—and 36 hours is a Civil Service week. The same instructor ought to give at least two hours to preparation for each class period; and with nine hours of lecturing, he now has another 27 hours of work —a 63 hour week. In addition to Freshman essays, he will have tests and examinations, longer senior reports on investigations, and probably two or three graduate students whose work must be personally guided. The University in general also envies the Department of English its leisure, and we are called upon frequently for public speeches, radio programs, editorial work, and all manner of committees. And with all this expenditure of time, we have not yet allowed one single minute for personal conferences with students.

The result must be perfectly evident. If a job can't be done, we may be sure it isn't done. In the University we are doing no better than the schools do—an excellent reason why the pot should not call the kettle black. We are not teaching English at all; but we do a fine job of weeding out those who cannot learn for themselves. As it is humanly impossible, even with the help of a few readers, to ask for essays every week and read them, last year students were required to write five short essays. Some of these may have totalled as much as 5,000 words; most of them were nearer 2,500. And anybody who thinks that Composition can be taught by means of a yearly assignment of 5,000 words, especially to students who have no more understanding of Literature or skill in Language than our Freshmen have, is a candidate for the asylum.

The remedy is perfectly clear: if the University really values the Humanities, it will give us enough instructors to reduce the load. It will help us to teach, rather than weed out. At the present moment, reckoned in terms of cost per student through the mill, the English Department must be the cheapest in the entire University. Putty costs thirty cents a pound; gold thirty dollars an ounce. There is no use trying to hoodwink students, telling them that putty is gold. All they need is to look at the relative floor space and convenience of various Departments to see where we spend our money. We really value "The King's English" at the rate of putty—and students know it.

The second point to make is that *the teaching of English is personal.*

No apprentice in any craft can learn without having his master forever breathing down his neck. Look at any group learning the art of painting: the instructor will be constantly on the move from one student to another, showing how to mix the

oils on the palette, how to catch a bit of sunlight or shadow, how to manage perspective or foreshortening, how to suggest or fix a shape or form. So it is with Composition. The instructor must enter into the mind and spirit of the pupil, learning almost by intuition, or by patient questioning, exactly what it is the pupil wants to say, and helping him to find the means of expression. Sympathy is necessary, and kindness, and genuine respect for the learner. These things are impossible without personal conferences. English cannot be taught by microphone.

The absolutely irreducible minimum of conferences is one with each student every two weeks. My own faith is that students are entitled, as of birthright, to all of my time that they want. I have very rarely chased a student out before he was ready to leave. But let us be business-like, and say that a twenty minute conference once in two weeks for each Freshman is necessary. Two sections of 54 students each —36 hours, or 18 hours a week for conferences. Our instructor has now increased a 63 hour week to one of 81. And we have still left senior and graduate students and other duties completely out of consideration.

How, then, is English taught in this University? They say that a mule or a bullock hitched to an impossible load hasn't sense enough to quit; but the horse, which is an animal of finer spirit, will balk or break his heart in frantic plunges.

The conference, as I have said, is *personal.* The student should, and does, come to feel that his English instructor is a trusted friend; and perplexing matters of all kinds come up at these conferences. Writing itself is an intimate matter, very close to the mind and heart of the writer; and when the English instructor is really in rapport with his student, no other counselling is necessary. But we have seen, with the increase in the load upon teachers of the Humanities in general, a corresponding increase in the need for Student Advisory Services. I offer no criticism of these; they are no doubt worth the money spent upon them; but it is a common failing of the world to spend money upon the palliative or the quack nostrum and to leave the disease untouched.

Since the conference is personal, it cannot be conducted in a crowd. I was therefore appalled, when I first came to Alberta, to find myself in an office with three other instructors. When I conferred with a student, they could not work. When one of them conferred with a student, I could not work. When two of us tried to confer with students at the same time, it was Hell for all of us—and these conferences became no more personal than the blaring of fog-horns. During the last twelve years, the Head of the Department of English, a man of the richest personality and deep kindliness, never had an office to himself, but shared a space of twelve feet square with always one, generally two, and frequently three other instructors. Were not his students denied their birthright? When he and I had departmental matters to discuss, we have to leave our offices and tramp the streets of Garneau. Through these years, then, have we seen our Freshmen every two weeks. It is a nonsense question. Most of them, even those who were failing and might have been saved, we have not seen at all.

The Department is happy now that we have been given more space. The recognition of our needs has been heart-warming. There has been a great expansion since

we first gently petitioned for space—and we have now participated. It is not only that we have the new cafeteria and infirmary, the new carpenter shop and print shop, the Students' Union building and the Library and the Provincial Laboratory, and about a dozen army huts, as well as a new drafting laboratory, and all the old space released by all of these; but the new wings of the Medical building more than double the space formerly there available. Dentistry and Pharmacy are taken care of well into the foreseeable future—that is to say, they have more space than is needed *now*. Geology has practically the entire top floor of the Arts building, and Physics has the whole basement and a large part of the first floor. In the sciences some quite junior instructors have not only private offices, but private laboratories as well; and I have heard that one Faculty is able to find private offices for graduate students. All this expansion is excellent and will greatly improve the work done in the University. English also has expanded; now we have four offices for eight instructors plus a few oddments of readers. That is to say, we shall no longer be huddled three and four in an office, but average one office for every two of us.

We also shall be able to do more and better work. Yet it still remains true that although half a loaf may be better than no bread, the nature of English conferences may make half an office worse than none. We shall of course try to stagger our conference hours, and even our days disregarding University regulations about office hours, but the difficulty is that we can only see students when students can be seen. Still, with fees going up, there may be fewer students; we may even be able to *invite* conferences, especially with failing students, rather than doing everything possible to avoid them, and get something done. But what kind of cross-eyed, jaundiced view of things is it that makes men hope for *fewer* students when the whole state of the world demands cultivated, educated men?

The final point to make is that *the teaching of English should be imaginative.*

Let it be remembered that although I confine myself to English, most of what I say can be applied equally well to other subjects in the humanistic group. When four foreign language instructors are shoe-horned into an office twelve by twelve, nobody needs to tell me how effective their work is, for the teaching of any language has much the same needs and difficulties that English has. And I know perfectly well the frustration of students of a foreign language who can go on in a fog for months at a time for want of one brief enlightening word from a wise and understanding instructor.

Now when we speak of the death of the Classics, we are really talking about bad teaching. It is all very well to start Classical associations, but that horse has been stolen, and it is too late to lock the door. If, as I believe, the teaching of the Classics in the early days of this century was universally similar to the regimen I went through, and I have every reason to believe it was, then I completely understand why the Classics are no longer in favor. It was not teaching at all; it was licensed sadism. There was no kindly personal contact with students, there was no unswerving faithful devotion to the correction of exercises, there was nothing but public brutality. And what a rich and bountiful subject those professors had to

work with: the splendor that was Greece, and the glory that was Rome! There was no imagination at work in that teaching. In other words, there was no teaching.

If there had been, the Classics would not now be dead. Love of Literature and the arts is a personal thing; it is infectious, catching from man to man down the ages; it is like the electric spark which can leap the sixteenth of an inch between points, but cannot leap a foot. I am not condemning those old teachers. By no means. They were tragic figures, nothing more. The world paid lip service to the Classics, as it does now to the Humanities, but valued other things more. For other things it was willing to pay hard cash. And those brilliant young teachers starting out with the prospect of a lifetime of happy communication to others of their enthusiasms, found themselves enslaved to long hours of never-ending toil and drudgery. How could any spark leap from bitter disillusionment to bright, insouciant youth!

So with Grammar. It was so badly taught that it became a stench in the nostrils of whole generations of human beings. It became nothing more than the enforced memorizing of rules, of rules moreover at conflict with everything the pupil could possibly learn for himself about his language. And so it passed out of the curriculum; the baby was thrown out with the bath. But what an opportunity for teaching was lost! No subject under heaven has the natural interest that grammar has; it is the very sinew and bone, the muscle and nerve tissue of our living speech; it is closer to us than our shirts, of immediate and natural interest to us long before our sexual instincts are awakened, and of far more constant concern than hunger itself. All that was needed was imaginative teaching—but that was missing. How could it fail to be missing among teachers overworked, deadened by drudgery, frazzled to sleasiness?

The teaching of English stands in the same peril today. Nobody needs to diagram the measures that should be taken. Everybody knows them. Is it an automobile you want? Then you will have to pay more money than will buy a go-cart. School teachers and University teachers of English alike start out trained and eager, anxious and aching, to work; but the harvest is too plentiful, the workers too few, and the very conditions under which we labor, fight against us. In the University our wants are not exorbitant. We need no chains of huge laboratories filled with fancy-priced equipment and supplies, no squads and platoons of lab. assistants; all we need are a few, quiet, individual offices the size of bread-boxes, and a load we can happily and efficiently carry. Give us a chance, strengthen our hands if only a little—and you will not need to worry about the future of the Humanities.

The Newest Profession

By H. V. Weekes

I suppose my wife has a perfect right to be a little impatient with me for telling this story, true as it is. She maintains that it is too utterly fantastic for this age of atomic realities. I am inclined to agree, and wouldn't bring the matter up if it weren't that we seem to be getting altogether too humdrum and practical these days, and need a touch or two of the old-fashioned fairy tale—without a moral—to sandwich between an appointment with the dentist and an argument with one's wife, —a bit of relaxation, you might say, from the normal activities of the day. Here then is the story of my Super-Flippant Four, the finest little car that ever spun a wheel.

It was just last summer when my wife and I decided that she had worked long enough to save the money we needed for a car, and it was not until late August that we finally settled our choice upon a Super-Flippant. I liked the easy way it handled, the low operating expense, and the fact that it cost little more than a football option; my wife was delighted with the color, a sort of robin's egg blue. In a momentary fit of generosity the dealer filled up the gas tank from a bottle he carried in his pocket, and we were set to drift our way through the first five hundred miles.

My, but we were the proud owners, and I can tell you our neighbors, who drove those eight-cylinder jobs that take up half a block and three parking meters, turned fairly emerald with jealousy when we ran our Super-Flippant into the dog house we had used for Frankfurter Royal III before he decided to move into the house with us. We were proud; we were happy; and we were satisfied.

Naturally, of course, there were some slight disadvantages that appeared all in due time, but then there are so few things that are perfect any more. The color my wife liked so much proved to be difficult to keep clean, and then Frankfurter Royal III decided that if we could use his dog house, he could use our car. From that day on we never drove anywhere without him in the back seat, and since the Super-Flippant is a very small car indeed, and Frankfurter Royal III is a St. Bernard, we drove with a cold nose at the back of our necks, and a warm tongue assuring us of cleanliness behind the ears. But these were little things, and on the whole we were happy with our little car all through the late summer and fall, and indeed all through the winter right up to that last cold spell.

Then one night we had visitors and I, ever the perfect host, surrendered to the shrill demands of my wife and agreed to drive them home. It was a very cold night, and I remember I left all the windows down in the hope of cooling their determination to visit us again, but the guests proved disgustingly healthy, and it

---

Mr. H. V. Weekes, B.A. '48, M.A. '50, was Sessional Instructor in English during 1950-51, and is proceeding to advanced studies in English at the University of Toronto where he has a teaching Fellowship. If readers of **The New Trail** enjoy his epic of the Super-Flippant, we suspect a continuation could be dragged out of Mr. Weekes—but they would have to say Please and Petty Please.

was just my little Super-Flippant and I who suffered from the inclement weather. My teeth were chattering when at last I deposited my cargo at their home a mile or two beyond the city limits and hurried back to our own curbstone. Surely for once, I thought, it wouldn't matter if I left the car out over night. After all, I had filled its little crankcase with the very best winter lubricant, and its little radiator fairly gurgled with the finest anti-freeze. Anyway, I just locked the doors, pulled up the trap at the front, and went in the house, where I swallowed three aspirin in some light brown liquid and crawled into bed to enjoy ten days of flu'.

My wife nursed me through my illness with loving care and a few of the more revolting of old-fashioned home remedies, until in the end I decided that it would be safer to get up and go to work. The first morning of my return I dawdled over breakfast while my wife went out and poured in the gas she had purchased on her shopping trip the day before, and then, still a little wobbly in the legs, I staggered out the front door to drive to work. With a feeling of escape I grasped the wheel and pulled at the starter button. Only then did I realize the awful thing I had done.

The little car sputtered and puffed, coughed a couple of times, and then was still again. Frantically I pulled at the choke and tried again. Again the little machine tried to start, and again the cough under its little hood forced it into wheezing helplessness. From sheer thoughtlessness I had allowed my little Super-Flippant to catch cold.

For all the good I did at the office that morning I might just as well have stayed at home. I would try to figure the easiest way to dispossess an aged widow lady and the vision of my little car would rise before my eyes. I would be whittling away at a millionaire's income tax and the figures would blur before my eyes and turn a delicate robin's egg blue. At ten minutes to twelve I gave up and took the bus home, feeling like a criminal for the callous way I had abandoned my sick little Super-Flippant.

I hurried through my dinner, though I was too worried to have much of an appetite. The moment the meal was over I took Frankfurter's leash from its usual place in the hall and went outside. Snapping the leash on the front bumper of my little Super-Flippant, I led it gently down the street to Axel's Automotive Clinic.

As you know, things have changed since the carefree days when we used to race our model-T jalopies around the almost deserted streets of our quiet city. Now life has become distressingly modern and complicated, and service stations are no exception to the rule. Now, instead of the huge ovals advertising one kind of gas or another, neat neon script confides the nature of the business to the prospective customer, and there is an air of mysterious efficiency that was entirely missing from the old-fashioned service station.

Take the one at the end of our block for instance. Not many years ago it was simply Fred's Service Station, and Fred Axel himself and one lean and greasy assistant handled all the business. At any hour of the day or night Fred would

take his tow truck out to rescue some stranded customer, and charged two dollars, as I remember, for the job. But that was long ago. Now, as I led my little car toward the corner I found myself approaching a huge, white-walled palace of a building that housed, not Fred's Service Station, but Axel's Automotive Clinic, hours ten to three-thirty.

I left my little car at the curb and went inside, pushing my way through the heavy doors of polished oak, or perhaps they were mahogany, to the carpeted quiet of the waiting room. A tall blonde girl in a neat white smock rose from her desk as I approached the gleaming counter.

"I want to see Fred Axel," I told her, and the people waiting in chromium and leather chairs about the room perked up their ears to listen. "My car seems to have an engine cough, and . . ."

"Have you an appointment?" she asked, her fingers running through a card index on the counter.

"Of course not," I said. "After all, I just found out this morning when I tried to start it."

The blonde gave me a pitying smile and opened a large book. "I'm afraid it will be difficult to work you in this week," she said, one crimson-tipped finger following the entries. "Mr. Axel might be able to give you a very few minutes at two-thirty on Friday."

"But this is only Monday," I cried. "Do you mean to say I have to wait until Friday to get it fixed?"

"That would be just the preliminary inspection," she said. "Shall I enter your name for two-thirty, Friday?"

"If that's the best you can do," I surrendered weakly, "but I do hope is isn't anything serious." She gave me a faint, absent-minded smile and I turned to go, feeling an aura of hostile satisfaction emanating from the people along the wall.

I couldn't help feeling a little put out to be treated that way at the automotive Clinic, especially as Fred Axel had always enjoyed my patronage and now got every bit of our gasoline business. We weren't large customers, of course, my wife and I, but except during the time I was ill we had taken a full quart of the best gasoline every week. We weren't important customers, but we were steady, and it seemed to me that my little car and I should have been given a bit more consideration.

The days dragged by as I waited for my appointment, and then at last it was Friday and I returned to Axel's Automotive Clinic, again parking the Super-Flippant at the curb. I went inside and sat down, and at last the blonde called my name and ushered me into the gleaming office of Fred Axel. He motioned me to a chair.

"Now what seems to be the trouble?" he asked, showing no sign of recognition as he toyed with a parts catalogue bound in red leather.

"It's my car," I told him. "It won't start."

"I see. How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since last Monday."

He gave me a reproving look. "That's what always happens," he said. "People

don't seem to have any conception of the value of time in the treatment of—er—disorders. It doesn't pay to let these things go, you know."

"Well, I did come in Monday, but . . ."

He ignored me and pressed a button on his desk. "Will you put that blue Super-Flippant in the inspection room, please," he said to the immaculate young man who appeared at the office door.

The young man disappeared, and a moment later one wall of the office rolled silently back to disclose the inspection room and my own Super-Flippant. One white-coated attendant moved about the little car with a rubber tube and a kind of meter, checking, I was told, for inflationary deficiency, while another, smelling a little of carbon tetrachloride, swabbed the hood as Fred Axel rose. I stood up too, but he waved me back to my chair with a curt, "Please."

One of the attendants climbed into the driver's seat while the other raised the hood with a shiny pair of tongs. Fred Axel peered inside.

"Starter!"

"Starter." My little Super-Flippant turned over slowly, coughed, spluttered a little, and then subsided with a tired wheeze that was like a hand placed on my heart.

"H'm. Lubricational inadequacy, perhaps. Valvular cohesion might account for . . ."

"Is—is it serious?" I asked.

Fred Axel ignored me. "This should have been attended to days ago," he said to one of the attendants. "Will you phone for a reservation at the Readjustment Centre, please?"

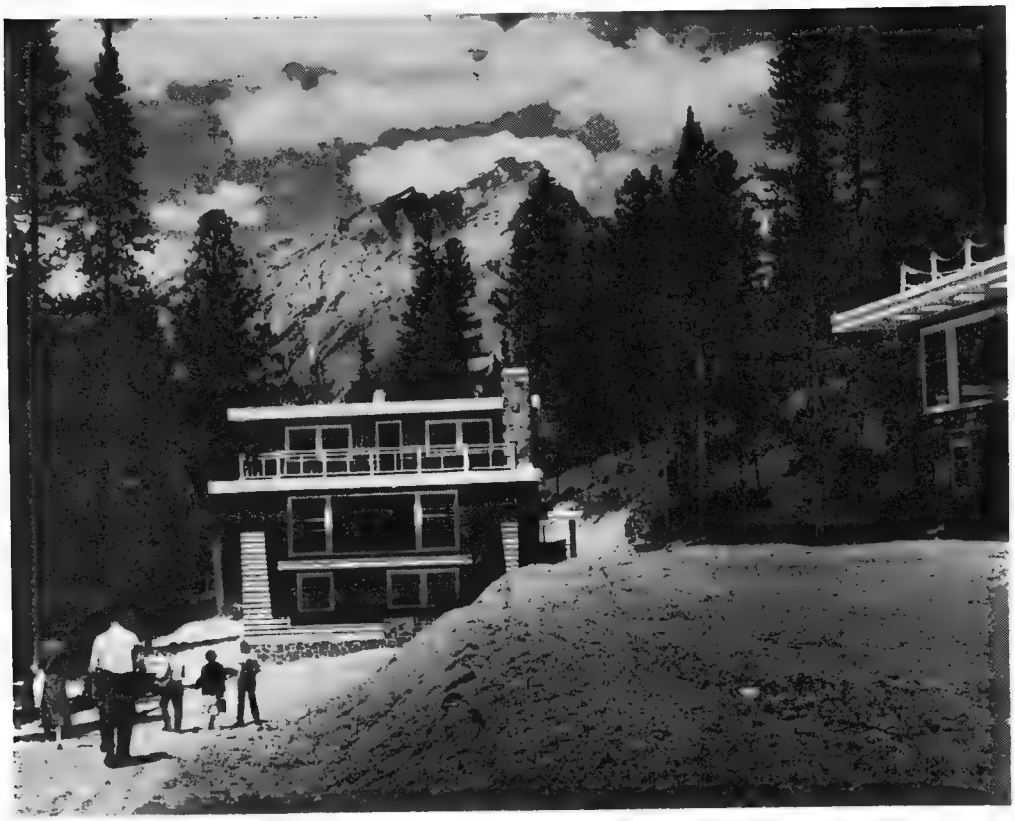
I stood up in alarm. "Do you mean you can't fix it here?" I asked. "A carburetor adjustment, perhaps, or . . ."

"My dear man!" Fred Axel interrupted. "You must understand that we know what we are doing. Automotive adjustment is a science quite beyond the comprehension of the mere layman. It's your own fault, you know, for letting things go so long before seeking proper professional treatment. Now the best scientific techniques are urgently required. The Readjustment Centre is the only possible place."

"Ten years ago," I said, just a little put out, "all I had to do was phone you up at the service station and you'd come over and fix my car right where it stood. There wasn't any fussing about with appointments and Readjustment Centres."

"That was years ago," he said, and turned his back on me. The double doors at the end of the inspection room opened soundlessly to disclose a large, white-enameled truck just outside, its engine running. The two attendants took my little Super-Flippant and lifted it into the larger machine, climbing in after it. A third attendant appeared from nowhere and closed the truck doors. A moment later the truck moved away in a spurt of exhaust and disappeared around the corner, leaving me standing there, Frankfurter's leash in one hand and my hat in the other.

No, I must admit my wife is right after all and this story must seem to you to be only a fantasy. You are bound to declare that nothing like this could ever happen to a car. Of course not—but it could happen to *you*.



—Banff Chalets

The New Chalets at the Banff School of Fine Arts

By W. H. Johns

A significant stage in the development of the University of Alberta's Banff School of Fine Arts was marked on Wednesday afternoon, August 15, 1951, when Mrs. J. H. Woods formally presented to the University the two chalets provided by her as a memorial to her husband, the late Lt. Col. J. H. Woods of Calgary. Mr. C. M. Macleod, K.C., Chairman of the Board of Governors, accepted the chalets on behalf of the University and paid tribute to Col. Woods; and the Honourable Ivan Casey, Minister of Education, addressed the gathering. Others on the platform included Dr. Andrew Stewart, President of the University, Dr. G. F. McNally, Chancellor, and Mr. Donald Cameron, Director of the School.

The two chalets presented by Mrs. Woods, together with a third built by the University, at last provide the Banff School with some accommodation of its own after nearly two decades of operation in other quarters. Classes have been held in the Banff High School, one of the town's churches, the Community Hall, and even in the open air, while accommodation for students has been arranged in private

homes, tourist cabins, the Y.W.C.A. chalet, and the town's hotels. In 1946 the School acquired for temporary use a number of military buildings and converted them to student cabins and named them Bungalow Court. Holiday House, comprising three separate buildings, was recently acquired on a rental basis and accommodates 40 to 50 students in the classes in oral French. These arrangements have been and continue to be of great importance, but it was only with the opening of the three chalets last year that the School could feel that it had a physical entity of its own. One of the chalets contains a dining room seating 350 at one time, and each is equipped to provide 16 to 20 double rooms for students, with ample facilities for baths and showers, laundry, and lounges. Administrative officers are also housed in the chalets.

The Banff School began in 1933 as a School of the Arts related to the Theatre under the auspices of the Department of Extension of the University. Since then it has received aid from the Carnegie Corporation and a number of other sources, but the main support has been the University, and the chief organizer and promoter of its activities has continued to be its Director, Mr. Cameron. Classes have grown to include Painting, Music, Ballet, Playwriting, Short Story Writing, Handicrafts, Oral French, and Photography. Among its outstanding instructors have been such well-known men as A. Y. Jackson, W. J. Phillips, H. G. Glyde, J. W. G. MacDonald, and William Townsend of the Slade School, in Art; Dr. Ernesto Vinci, Bela Bozarmengi-Nagy, and Max Pirani in Music; Norman Corwin in radio writing, and many others. The Festival Week which concludes each summer's activities includes musical recitals, choral singing, painting exhibitions, dramatic performances, and other displays which have won it wide fame. For its work in Music alone it has earned the title of "The Salzburg of the Rockies."

As a memorial to Col. Woods the new chalets are particularly appropriate. Situated on the lower slopes of Tunnel Mountain with a magnificent view over the valley and the town, they blend in with the natural beauties of the surrounding area. In paying tribute to Col. Woods, the Chairman, Mr. Macleod, referred to his long career as a newspaper man and his many contributions to journalism both as publisher of the *Calgary Herald* and as the representative of Canada at meetings of the Imperial Press Conference both in Australia and in Great Britain. But he laid the greatest stress on the late Colonel's fine civic spirit and his great interest in creative and artistic work. Another of his interests was the promotion of good relations between Canada and the United States, and during his life time he established in the University Library a fine collection of books on the United States. Col. Woods was a great citizen of Canada and of the world, but he felt most at home in the area of Calgary and Banff. He would certainly have approved Mrs. Woods' decision to set his memorial amid the mountains of his beloved Banff as an inspiration to artists and students from all over the world.

Although a good beginning has now been made in providing a permanent home for the Banff School, Mr. Cameron has plans for further expansion of the School's own buildings. It is hoped that an administration building may be added in the near future, and the Provincial Legislature has recently passed an act establishing

The Banff Foundation to serve as the trustee for funds from private donors with which to expand the School's buildings and its work. With the impetus given by the three chalets already constructed, there are good hopes that the new unit may not be too long delayed.

—●—

MY GARDEN IN AUGUST

By Georgina H. Thomson

I like my garden in August
With its "I won't bother to do my hair this morning" look.
The columbines and oriental poppies
Have brown seed pods which should be cut.
The veronica has sagged badly. I should tie it up,
But the bees are happy all day long
Among its tapering blue plumes.
Chickweed is rampant
In the dark corner by the fence.
The yellow rosebush has rust
And should be dusted with sulphur.
So what? I have put my chair
Where I can watch the weeping birch tree's fronds
Swinging in the breeze
Like a scene from "Fantasia."
I have two cushions at my back,
A book on my knee, a cool drink.
Ants crawl over my sandalled feet.
The black cat, browned by August suns,
Sleeps in the shade, ignoring the cackle
Of a scolding robin.
The delphinium by the garage
Is tall and spirelike and asks nothing
But admiration for its heavenly blue.
The sky is blue too, no clouds to be seen.
Petunias blaze cheerfully in the sun.
The sweet peas hold themselves erect and trim
Against their frame. The pansies by the gate
Have had their faces washed,
But clumps of daisies and cosmos
Lean untidily over the path, a little faded,
Like the flowers around the brim
Of last year's summer hat.
The scarlet-runner beans have topped the fence
And wave long shoots at me to come and add
More strings. Perhaps tomorrow, dears.
Long ago in the Spring
I dug and raked, planted and hoed,
Watered and weeded, all day, feverishly.
Now, like the garden, I too am tired.
I have ceased my toil.
Like the flowers, I drowse in the warm soft air.
I like the garden in August.

Books of Our Own

THE NORTH AMERICAN BUFFALO: A Critical Study of the Species in its Wild State, by *Frank Gilbert Roe*: University of Toronto Press, 1951: pp. VIII, 957.

To the making of books there is truly no end, but there are books and books. Some are not worth the paper they are printed on while others, even if they run to a thousand pages as does the one now under review, justify themselves from cover to cover. Nearly a thousand pages on a single species of animal may sound a bit sticky, but the most casual reader will find much of interest scattered throughout them. The book is neither a zoological treatise in the technical sense, nor yet a natural history, but constitutes a complete and critical review of almost everything ever written on the American bison. In undertaking this enormous task, on which he has spent most spare hours of a lifetime, Roe has shown very happy judgment, blending a lively, readable style with the care and precision of the discriminating historian. Over a thousand references to literature on the buffalo have been handled (in itself a forbidding assignment even if treated merely as a bibliography), many of which have been used to embellish the interest of the book as quotations in the text. Cited references are documented in some twenty-five hundred footnotes, these being themselves elaborated wherever necessary.

The early history of Western Canada and the buffalo are inseparable. In writing of the one, it is impossible to escape the other and so it comes about that much Canadian history is incorporated, although the scope of the undertaking covers the rest of the continent also. The accounts of the Red River Hunt, the gradual spread of settlement to the west, the fate of the Indians and so on, are of historical interest on their own account. Thirty-four appendices deal with relevant material that could not be suitably included in the body of the work without dissipating the main thread. They cover such items as Buffalo Synonymy; twins; albinism; hide, meat and bone traffic, etc., while nearly half of them deal with some aspect or another of Indian life which hinged so intimately on the existence and subsequent extermination of the bison.

The volume is far too comprehensive to make a brief summary feasible, but it is safe to say that no aspect of buffalo history has been omitted. The author's style is critical without being dogmatic, and one feels as one reads it that although Roe offers his own opinions, he is quite willing to let the reader develop his own if he prefers. He achieves this through the free use of quotations and by always citing both the pros and cons of a case. The method doubtless lengthens the discussions but greatly enhances their over-all value. Roe evidently gets some fun out of looking critically at some of the old boys of a more dogmatic school and pointing out how wrong an "authority" may actually be and that mere repetition of authority by authority does not convert fallacy into fact. Perhaps the outstanding value of the work lies in this objective approach added to the immense wealth of material on which it is based. No other work on the buffalo exists that can compare with

the present encyclopaedic volume as a source of information. Its bibliography is unique; while it is patently impossible to check the point, anything that has missed Roe's tireless combing of the literature for thirty or forty years can hardly amount to anything significant.

Frank Roe came to Southern Alberta as a youngster in 1894 with his parents. Here, living in a sod shack on the prairies, he got to know and to love the former home of the buffalo. Fraternizing with the Indians and meeting old-timers, bison-lore evidently fired his imagination and inspired him with what was destined to prove a life-long interest and to culminate in a volume that will undoubtedly become a Canadian classic. His later profession as a locomotive engineer did nothing to discourage the book-worm inside him nor did lack of formal education impede his steadfastness of purpose in achieving this notable contribution to Canadian historical knowledge. The University of Alberta is to be congratulated in discovering an individual who so conspicuously merits the distinction of the LL.D. degree (*honoris causa*) which is to be conferred on him at the October, 1951, Convocation.

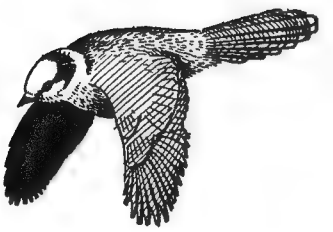
WILLIAM ROWAN.

—●—

GROUCHER

By Myrtle P. Hartroft

He picked flaws in his friends,
He flayed them right and left;
Made foes instead, and now
Of friends he's quite bereft.
He hated bees; he said,
"They're vicious, that's not funny."
He kicked the beehive over,
Got stings, instead of honey.



Whiskeyjack . .

Only Friends of the University—or perhaps prospective Friends—should read the rest of this column. It consists of excerpts from letters:

"I would like to express my warmest thanks to the Friends of the University. I will endeavour to be worthy of the confidence you have placed in me."

"Receiving this award makes it possible for me to continue with my second year in Education. I shall try my very best to make my second year a highly successful one. Once again, my sincerest thanks."

"This assistance I greatly appreciate . . . I hope that, some day, I shall be in a position to return this favor, through your society, to some future student."

"It is with the sincerest appreciation that I acknowledge receipt of the bursary in First Year Dentistry . . . I consider it a great honor to have been selected for this award by the Friends of the University."

"Once again my belief in miracles has been sustained. I should like to thank, through you, all those who have made such an award possible; and I shall do my best to live up to your expectations of me."

". . . in view of the rising cost of learning. I do thank you."

"One hundred and fifty dollars may not be a great deal of money to some people, but it makes all the difference to me. It's the difference between a chance —and no chance. Dad and Mother . . . Could I return five dollars out of it, and be a Friend myself?"

Whiskeyjack has selected these bits from the letters. His Friends, the Friends of the University, are entitled to know that their contributions really do help and are appreciated.

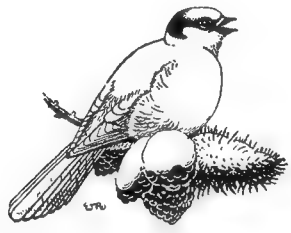
They help one hundred percent, for there is no overhead. Every penny provided by the Friends of the University goes directly into the purposes for which it was given.

Probably all the Friends pay income tax, and taxes are important. We must maintain and protect our native land; but the Government itself recognizes other needs of equal importance—and gifts to the Friends may be deducted in income tax returns.

Impersonal kindness and helpfulness are of course difficult. It takes vision and faith and an understanding heart to place a contribution in an envelope and never see the recipient. But this vision, faith, and understanding the Friends of the University do possess. They need no thanks; they ask no acknowledgement. Nevertheless, in the hope that they may feel a little glow of unexpected happiness, Whiskeyjack has presented these excerpts from the letters of the fine young men and women whom they have benefitted. These, as the Friends well know, are the real hope of the world.

* * * *

N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscription.—Ed.



Trail Blazers

Dr. John Convey

Dr. John Convey has recently been appointed Director of the Federal Mines Branch.

Dr. Convey was born in Durham, England, the son of a coal miner. He received his early education in England and came to Canada in 1929. He graduated in 1933 from the University of Alberta with a B.Sc. in honors Physics and obtained his Master's degree in 1936. After several years of postgraduate work which included work on atomic structure at the University of Toronto, he was awarded his Doctorate in 1940.

Early in the Second Great War he did valuable work on radar for the Royal Canadian Navy. Later he was sent to Sheffield, England, where he worked with the Royal Navy on problems in physical metallurgy.

Back in Canada in 1946, he served as Associate Professor of Physics at the University of Toronto. A few years ago he joined the federal service and, until his recent promotion, was Chief of the Division of Physical Metallurgy.

In his new post as Director of the Federal Mines Branch he will be able to give valuable service to the Canadian mining and metallurgical industry and to the Department of National Defence as well as the Atomic Energy Board.

In Memoriam

HELEN E. FARQUHARSON

Helen E. Farquharson was born in 1915. She took her B.A. with honors in classics and her M.A. in classics at the University of Toronto in 1936 and 1937. From 1937 to 1939 she worked as a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin on a classics fellowship. In 1932 she won a Flavelle matriculation scholarship, and in 1936 a gold medal in classics at Victoria University. Having taken her B.L.S. at the University of Toronto in 1943, she worked in Queen's University Library until September 1945, as assistant in the Circulation and Cataloguing Departments.

Miss Farquharson came to the University of Alberta as Chief Cataloguer in October 1945, just as greatly increased enrollment made library expansion necessary. She was responsible for the reorganization of the Cataloguing Department, and for its guidance during the next five years. During that time, the Department grew from two to seven, and staff members came and went. The constant was HF's devotion to her work, and to the ideals of library service. She worked long hours both at the detailed tasks of the Department, and at the long-range plans for expanding services. One of her most pleasant duties was assisting with plans for the new Order and Cataloguing Office in the Rutherford Library. The room reflects the care and thought she put into making it both functional and beautiful.

Though deeply reserved by nature, Helen was a loyal and warm friend to those who knew her well. Staff members found her eager to help in any emergency. She had a fine intelligence, trained by her classical studies and by her wide reading. And she could design and hook a rug, or finish an unpainted chest to satin smoothness, or broil a steak, too.

Her accomplishment during her five years in Alberta leaves no doubt that Helen Farquharson would have made a notable contribution to librarianship and to the University Library, had she been able to continue her work.

DR. WALTER HEPBURN SCOTT

Dr. Walter Hepburn Scott, Honorary Professor of Medicine, died on August 12th, 1951. Dr. Scott was born in Regina and graduated in Medicine from McGill University. He served with distinction in the R.C.A.M.C. in World War I, winning the Military Cross, and was mentioned in despatches.

Dr. Scott joined the teaching staff in the Faculty of Medicine in 1921 and served until his retirement one year ago. He carried on private practice in Internal Medicine in Edmonton. In addition he was on the staff of the Department of Veterans Affairs and was Assistant Physician at the University of Alberta Hospital.

DR. WILLIAM NELSON GOURLAY

Dr. William Nelson Gourlay, Instructor in Clinical Surgery, died on April 13th, 1951. Dr. Gourlay was born in Lacombe and graduated from the University of Alberta Faculty of Medicine. He served in the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II. He resumed private practice in Edmonton in 1946 and became a member of the teaching staff of the Faculty of Medicine at that time. He was also a member of the University Hospital staff.

GEORGE WILLIAM AUXIER, K.C.

George William (Bill) Auxier died on August 17, 1951, at the age of forty-four. A graduate in Arts and Law from the University of Alberta, he had reached unusual prominence in the legal profession and particularly as an authority in taxation and oil matters. At the time of his death he was a member of the law firm of Howe, Auxier, Bryan and Foote, in Edmonton, and lived there. Since early in 1950 he was also engaged by the Western Canada Petroleum Producers Association with offices at Calgary, being president since the beginning of 1951. This was practically a full-time position and required him to spend most of his time in Calgary.

Mr. Auxier lived in Alberta all his life. The son of a country lawyer at Castor, he came to the University in 1923. In his six years there he always received high marks, seemingly with no effort. Cheerful, sociable and not of a serious type, it was easy to overlook the fact that he was as well a very good student, with a sense of responsibility. In second year law he received the Carswell Prize for obtaining highest marks in the year, and always was near the head of his class. After graduation in 1929 he was admitted to the bar. That year saw the peak of the boom and the verge of the depression. Without any advantages except a good family life and his own qualities, he had no sudden rise to prominence. The work of those early years bore fruit later. In 1934, when only twenty-six, he argued a very important case before the Alberta Court of Appeal, and about the same time did very good work on some difficult problems involving estate taxes. He became both an able counsel and solicitor.

Recognition beyond his home city came during the latter part of the war, and his rise was very rapid. He was counsel on a Dominion Royal Commission to study taxation of annuities and later on another Royal Commission on the coal industry. The position with the Petroleum Association was recognition of his unusual ability —legal, executive and in dealing with people. He was appointed King's Counsel in 1947 and elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Alberta in the same year. He taught Taxation and Administrative Law in the Faculty of Law at the University for seven years.

Married in 1932, he is survived by his widow and a seven-year-old daughter, Jane. Another daughter, Anne, lost her life in a boating accident less than three months before her father's death. Doubtless the hard work and heavy responsibility of the last few years made him susceptible to the heart attack from which he died. Nevertheless, he remained boyish, friendly and cheerful—still enjoyed such things as singing around a piano, relaxing in his cabin or boating on the Saskatchewan. Material success made no change. Casual and unpretentious, people respected him because of his ability and character, and liked him because of his disposition. Few persons can deal widely with others and always avoid dislikes or quarrels. Mr. Auxier succeeded because he was incapable of an act or even a thought that was unworthy or petty.

The community has been saddened by his death. The Province has lost a good citizen, the legal profession a man who did it extensive credit, the business world an able executive.

DR. WILFRED ALFRED WILSON

Dr. Wilfred Alfred Wilson, Honorary Assistant Professor of Surgery in the Faculty of Medicine, University of Alberta, died on January 23rd, 1951. He was born in Carlton Place, Ontario.

Dr. Wilson joined the teaching staff in the Faculty of Medicine as Lecturer in Surgery in 1915 and was associated with the Faculty until a few years before his death, when he was named Chief Medical Officer of the Workmen's Compensation Board.

Dr. Wilson served for many years as a member of the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

His sons, Dr. D. R. Wilson and Dr. G. L. Wilson, are active members of the teaching staff of the Faculty of Medicine.

Report of the President to Convocation

May 16, 1951

By Andrew Stewart

In presenting the Report of the President on the two days of Convocation, I purpose on this first day, to report on the activities of the University. Tomorrow I shall deal with some aspects of the financial position of the University in 1950-51, and in prospect.

Registration of students in the winter session reached a peak of 4,865 in 1947-48. The corresponding enrolment in 1950-51 was 3,730. A decline to about 3,330 is expected to occur in 1951-52. The continual decrease in numbers reflects, in the main, the graduation of student veterans. This year 481 student veterans were registered at the University of Alberta; some 200 may be in attendance next year. Future enrolments at the University will depend upon the flow of students from the high schools of the Province.

During the year, General Faculty Council received and approved the report of the Joint Committee, of the Department of Education and General Faculty Council, on Articulation. Subsequently new matriculation requirements, covering admission to all faculties, were announced effective 1952-53. A reduction in required subjects, from seven to six, offers greater flexibility in the choice of subjects in the high school, and, it is hoped, will enable more students to meet matriculation requirements, possibly after one year in Grade 12. An increase in the required Grade 12 average, from 50 to 60, will eliminate some prospective students. However, experience has shown that the results of the Grade 12 examinations are still the best test of competence to meet the University's requirements, and that students admitted with an average of less than 60 in their Grade 12 subjects are, with few exceptions, unable to meet the normal standards for promotion through their University course.

As the Provost, Prof. H. T. Sparby, states in his report to General Faculty Council, "Student government at the University of Alberta has been well sustained this year. Not only have student activities been capably managed, but relationships between student officers and the University Administration have been cordial and co-operative. This happy state of affairs was due in no small measure to the very able leadership provided by Mr. Michael O'Byrne, President of the Students' Union. . . . This has been the first year of operation of the new Students' Union Building. The House Committee which was set up to administer and supervise the building has discharged its responsibilities ably and well. . . . All the facilities provided by the building, offices, conference rooms, lounges and the games room have served a wide range of student social and business needs throughout the year, and there are indications that the building will be put to even greater use in the succeeding years."

In acknowledging the satisfactory state of student affairs, I must mention, along with the Provost, the Dean of Women, a position to which Miss Maimie Simpson was recently appointed, and the Director of Student Advisory Services. The latter

position, to which Dr. A. J. Cook was appointed during the year, is already proving an important factor in assisting students to adjust themselves to the University situation. Through the counselling services of the Director, students are being helped in their personal and academic problems.

With decreasing registrations, the ratio of students to staff, which became excessive in the years of peak enrolments, has returned to its pre-war level. Some classes, for example English 2 with a registration of 570, are still too large for effective instruction, and the increase in numbers of graduate students bears heavily on some departments. The Department of Geology, for example, finds that to meet the qualifications required in employment, students are returning to obtain their Master's degree. Evidence of the maturity of the University, and of the reputation of the staff, is to be found in applications to the School of Graduate Studies for admission to a program leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Three applications have been accepted—two in the Department of Biochemistry and one in the Department of Plant Science.

During the year, the University has lost three of its valued teachers by death. These include Dr. T. H. Field, Honorary Instructor in Clinical Medicine, and Dr. W. N. Gourlay, Instructor in Clinical Surgery. At the October Convocation, I expressed the University's deep sense of loss through the death of Dean Sinclair. His successor, Dr. A. G. McCalla, whose appointment was recently announced, has been a member of the Department of Plant Science since 1940. The University will be well served by him.

Two members of the staff, Dr. J. J. Ower, Professor of Pathology, and Dr. R. J. Lang, Professor of Physics, have reached the age of retirement after long periods of faithful service for which the University is grateful; and Mr. L. Y. Cairns, who for over 20 years has taught Practice to Law students in the early morning, and for many years has taught Commercial Law to Commerce students in the late evening, has at last convinced us that he will not turn up in his accustomed places next year. Mr. Cairns was a devoted teacher and, in Dean Bowker's words, "His influence on many students extends far beyond the subject matter of his courses."

It cannot be repeated too often that the real work of the University is done in the class room and laboratory. It is the diligent, often discouraging and never spectacular, efforts of the instructor which count. I am happy to report that the University of Alberta is well served in the Departments, and wish to record my thanks to the teaching staff for their faithful service and generous co-operation in the past year.

Research in a university serves a number of important purposes. The opportunity for research is a condition necessary to attract and retain staff with a live interest in their field of study. Research carried on in the Departments is a means of introducing senior and graduate students to the techniques for the pursuit of new knowledge. Research produces new knowledge and adds to human welfare. The university which ceases to apply part of its energies to research is already dead. I am happy to report ample evidence of life and vitality at the University of Alberta.

We are grateful for improved facilities for research. In some areas of knowledge the library is the research laboratory. The new Rutherford Library, with its splendid facilities, will not only provide an adequate workshop for the student, it will also offer conditions for library research which are welcomed by many of the staff. A similarly encouraging and stimulating development is the gift from the Alberta Cancer Society to be used in constructing and equipping a Cancer Research Laboratory. This building, when available, will be used to carry on and expand important research supported by the National Research Council, the Defence Research Board, and the Cancer Institute of Canada. The opening of the new building to house the Provincial Laboratory of Public Health has not only provided the kind of facilities this institution has needed for years, but has released space urgently required by the Departments of Bacteriology and Pathology in the Medical Building.

I can do no more than illustrate the achievements of the staff in the broad field of scholarship and research during the present year. The Departments report no less than 135 bulletins, papers and articles published during the year. Dr. Scargill, Department of English, has followed his translation of "Three Icelandic Sagas," done in collaboration with Margaret Schlauch and published by the Princeton University Press, by a booklet on "The Development of the Principal Sounds of Indo-European," published by the University of Toronto Press, and Dean Macdonald has found time to prepare a manuscript on "Education for Civilized Living," which has been accepted by the University of Chicago Press for publication and will appear within the next year.

Research conducted under the direction of the Departments, with the aid of graduate students, can be illustrated by the Department of Chemical Engineering. This Department has, along with other projects, been engaged on the following studies: The Catalytic Oxidation of Redwater Asphalt Base Stock, with the assistance of a Shell Oil Fellowship; The Construction of an Electrical Model of a Petroleum Reservoir, with an Imperial Oil Fellowship; and Crude Oil Rheology and Pipeline Flow Problems, with an Interprovincial Pipeline Fellowship.

Research in the Faculty of Agriculture continues to be directed toward the solution of specific problems confronting the industry as well as to enquiries of a fundamental scientific nature. Valuable experiments have been conducted in the use of antibiotics in livestock feeding supplements, and in plant disease control. Experiments with radioactive sulphur have yielded important information on the use of this chemical by legume and grain crops. The basic physiological effects of 2,4-D and other hormones, for use in weed control, have been studied and results published. Important progress has been made in the field of cytogenetics. You will be interested to know that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is arranging to prepare, during the summer months, a documentary broadcast dealing with the research work of the Department of Plant Science.

The University is maintained to serve the people of this Province. In addition to teaching and research it has an important function in the field of Extension. Here too the record of the year reflects increasingly effective service. While work

in this field is, in the main, directed by the Department of Extension, I must remind you that much of the effort of this Department would be impossible without the contribution of those attached to the instructional Departments.

The number of short courses, classes and conferences arranged and organized by the University reached a total of 86, compared with 54 in 1948-49. New courses offered this year include: a ten-week course in Personnel Testing Methods sponsored by the Edmonton Personnel Association and the Department of Psychology; a course in Rural Leadership sponsored by the farm organizations; courses entitled, "Improving Nursing Care," held in Edmonton, Calgary, and Lethbridge; and a specialized course in Nursing Service Personnel for nurses from Edmonton and district. Sixty-four purchasing agents attended a series of lectures on the problems of bulk buying. The Third Mud School for men in the oil-drilling industry was followed by a two-week Oil-Treating School and a Gas-Testing School for other specialized workers in the industry. A Management Institute for oil executives was held in Calgary. Ten Provincial Government Game Wardens attended an intensive three-day course in Fishery Management under the direction of the Department of Zoology.

A particularly important innovation of the year was the series of evening classes offered at the University. Ten courses were attended by 750 persons. The results were such as to justify an extension of the program next year; and General Faculty Council has set up a Committee to consider the possibility of instituting late afternoon or evening classes for University credit toward certain degrees.

The Banff School of Fine Arts and the Department of Fine Arts continue to make an outstanding contribution to the promotion of the Arts throughout the Province. The Banff School and its Director, Mr. Donald Cameron, received a well-deserved tribute when the School was awarded the Henry Marshall Tory Trophy for outstanding service to the Canadian community in the field of adult education. Through the Banff School, and with the support of the appropriate national organizations, the University is now offering national awards for outstanding contributions in Letters, Music, Painting and Related Arts. Announcement of the names of those receiving these awards for 1951 may be expected soon.

The Community Art Classes, conducted by members of the Art Division of the Department of Fine Arts, attracted 500 students to classes at 27 points in the Province. The Music Division of the same Department directed the affairs of the Western Board of Music; the Mixed Chorus made another successful tour of the Province. In its first year the Studio Theatre, directed by the Drama Division, staged five productions, each running for ten nights. The high quality of the performances and the public support amply justified this project. Difficulties of time and movement prevented the plays being staged in other parts of the Province, although the last production, *Macbeth,* played in Red Deer for two nights.

In summing up, I can report with confidence that your University, in fulfilling its functions in this Province, continues to maintain those standards which have already won it the respect of the citizens of Alberta as well as of other institutions of higher education throughout Canada and in the rest of the world.

Presentation of Dr. D. G. Stanley

By James C. Mahaffy

Eminent Chancellor:

It is a pleasure for me to present my friend and fellow citizen for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA. *Dr. G. D. Stanley, who resides in Calgary, was born in Ontario where he received his early education and attended the University of Toronto. He graduated in medicine in* 1901. *This education qualified him for a useful life of public service through the practice of his profession. Shortly after graduation he emigrated to the town of High River, a thriving ranching centre about* 40 *miles south of Calgary, where he carried on general practice until* 1919. *In that year he moved to Calgary—much to the genuine sorrow of his High River patients. His medical career in Calgary has won him widespread respect in his own profession and the loyalty and affection of thousands of patients and friends. For several years he was a member of the Council of the Alberta College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was President of that organization in* 1921-22. *He was chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Canadian Medical Association* 1930-35. *At various times he has been chairman of the Staff at each of the two larger hospitals in Calgary. In* 1922 *he was one of the five physicians and surgeons who organized The Calgary Associate Clinic—he is still there, and the Clinic has grown until now the names of* 30 *doctors appear on its letterhead.*

But the interests and abilities of Dr. Stanley have taken him far beyond the field of medicine. He has been an active and a useful citizen in many other respects. For example, in the realm of education he served as a member of the Board of Governors of this University 1940-45. *He has been a member of the Board of Governors of Mount Royal College, Calgary, since* 1910, *and for* 20 *years has been Chairman of the Board of Governors.*

He has a colorful political background. During his residence in High River the people of that community thought so well of his ability and his character that he became their representative in the Legislature of this Province in 1913, *and remained so until* 1921, *by which time he had moved to Calgary. The citizens of his new home city also realized his strong points and he was elected Member of Parliament for Calgary East in* 1930 *and served that constituency with distinction until* 1935.

Dr. Stanley has been a constant and an ardent supporter of all those things which make for a better community and a stronger nation. He has passed, with flying colors, all the requirements leading to an honorary degree from the University of the Province which he has served so well. It is a privelege, Eminent Chancellor, to present Dr. G. D. Stanley.

Presentation of Dr. Wallace

By Marjorie Sherlock

Eminent Chancellor:

I have the honor to present to you Dr. Robert Charles Wallace, Principal and Vice Chancellor of Queen's University, and formerly President of the University of Alberta, that you may confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA.

Dr. Wallace was born at Kirkwall on the island of Orkney, Scotland, and received his early education there. From the University of Edinburgh he received successively the degrees of Master of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Doctor of Science, and from the University of Göttingen, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

After two years of graduate studies at the University of St. Andrews, he came to Canada to the University of Manitoba where from 1910-1928 *he was first Lecturer and then Professor in the Department of Geology and Mineralogy.*

As Commissioner of Northern Manitoba, 1918-1921, *and later as Commissioner of Mines and Natural Resources of Manitoba,* 1926-1928, *he played an important part in the development of the sparsely-settled areas of the Northern and Eastern Territories of that province.*

He was the first to recognize to the full the enormous possibilities of this Manitoba frontier, and as Commissioner with Headquarters at The Pas, he instituted and encouraged the projects which opened up the great Flin Flon mining area. It was his direction which brought order out of the chaos of conflicting interest there, and his administration won the respect and admiration alike of Government authorities, financial interests, and the prospectors and miners with whom he worked.

In 1928 *he became President of the University of Alberta, and brought to No.* 1 *University Campus, his charming wife and family of small children. During his years in Alberta, Dr. Wallace won the respect and esteem of men and women in all parts of the province, where he was a constant visitor and speaker, and Mrs. Wallace endeared herself to all who knew her by her fine intellectual gifts and gracious personality.*

In 1936 *Dr. Wallace left Alberta to become Principal of Queen's University. In this capacity he guided that institution through the difficult and anxious years of the war. Throughout those years and in the post-war period, his services were in constant demand by the Government and by national organizations for causes connected with the war, and with reconstruction.*

It was my privilege to be a member of the staff of Queen's University under him during those war years, and I know the very heavy burden of

responsibility he bore so cheerfully and well. In recognition of these services, he was honored in 1944 *by His Majesty the King with the rank of Companion of the order of St. Michael and St. George.*

Under his wise guidance and administration, Queen's University has been strengthened and developed, and since the war has proceeded steadily with a large and carefully planned building program.

Dr. Wallace is the author of numerous articles on geology, natural resources, reconstruction, and education. He is also author of The Burwash Lectures: A Liberal Education in a Modern World.

As a University, we are pleased to honor this distinguished citizen and public servant of Canada—a pleasure all the greater by reason of his early association with this institution.

Eminent Chancellor, for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA, *I present Dr. Robert Charles Wallace.*

Address to the Graduating Class

May 16, 1951

By Dr. R. C. Wallace

May I express to you, Mr. Chancellor, and to the authorities of the University of Alberta the grateful thanks of my fellow honorary graduands and myself for the honour which you have done us today. To one who had close association with this University many years ago, it is a great pleasure to be back, if only for a day or two, and to renew old friendships. And may I take this occasion to give my warm wishes, and those of my colleagues, to the President who is seeing today the first group of graduates who have been under his care go forward to kneel before the Chancellor. May he have many years of joy and satisfaction in the important work which he has undertaken. He has succeeded to a rich heritage.

My words will be addressed to the graduating students. You are the honoured guests on this occasion, for you have achieved that which you set out to do, and your friends join us in congratulating you and wishing you well. You will remember this day as a high point in your life.

You would expect me to talk, as all older people are supposed to do, about the seriousness of the world problems of our day, about the apparent disintegration of values, and about the need for you to save the world, if indeed it is not past saving. I shall disappoint you, for I shall not do so. I do not believe that these statements are true, and I am much inclined to feel that it is a pose that older people of all generations are only too willing to adopt to hide their own shortcomings. Instead, I want to congratulate you, if I may, on being alive and young today. Were the opportunity given to me, I should gladly be one of yourselves, a young Canadian, educated and trained for service in Canada for the next fifty years or so. Would that I were in hood and gown of a young graduand, even if I had to listen to a dry as dust old fogie like myself uttering platitudes which were hoary and encrusted

with age to an enduring group of young people who say to themselves that it is all in the day's work and need not be suffered again. So now I have made my position plain.

You will want to know my grounds for this attitude. Simply these, that young people look for a challenge, and respond to it. And this is a world of challenge. May I elaborate.

From the purely material standpoint Canada is on the eve of great expansion. It is needless to tell you who have seen in the last few years so spectacular a development at your doorstep that this is so. And it is coming mainly from the North. Churchill is a strategic place from the standpoint of scientific and defense research. A railway is planned across the Churchill river in Northern Manitoba to Lynn Lake to develop the nickel deposits in that locality. A railway is already under way from the north shore of the St. Lawrence Gulf to the iron ore deposits in Northern Quebec. A very large aluminum processing plant is under way on the British Columbia Coast. Chemical processing industries are finding that the oil and gas of Alberta are suitable environments for their operations. The St. Lawrence water and power development, which will take place, if not now, then soon, will revolutionize that whole area from the industrial standpoint. And for all of this, not only a grounding in the fundamental sciences and their applications is necessary, but a knowledge as well of economics and of political science. For we find today that it is not enough to be concerned about material progress. It is important as well to understand what repercussions such progress may have on the economic and political equilibrium of the country at large. So you are preparing yourselves—many of you —for a challenging piece of work. It is no less than to make Canada a very substantial factor in the material welfare of the world.

But that is not all. What Canada can do in the production of material wealth will soon be forgotten. The silver mines of Laurium meant much for the economic health of Athens in the golden age. They are not remembered today. But the statuary, the tragic dramas, the philosophical thought—these have not lost their influence over men and women though well over two thousand years have gone past. It is the things of the mind and the spirit that persist. If I read the signs aright, there is a growing realization of this fact in Canada. There is a frank confession that an inventory of the intellectual and spiritual contributions which Canada has made hitherto is more slender than the opportunities which have been given to this end would lead one to expect. Many years ago a visitor, who had that morning seen Mount Robson unveiled to the rising sun, said at a banquet in this city in the evening, "You who live with such great works of nature cannot but think great thoughts." We are beginning to think great thoughts. We know that we cannot live on the capital of the ages; we have to make our own offering to the treasuries of the mind. You have been initiated into the realms of truth and of beauty. You live in a province where the mind is active and is not afraid of new ideas. It is a matter of great joy to me that several men and women whom I knew as students at this University are becoming well and fabourably known in drama, in literature, on the radio. If I mistake not, many more of this generation will add

to the enduring fame of our country by interpreting under Canadian skies the aspirations of the human heart. The poetry of the mountains, the appealing solitude of the Northland, the sense of practicality which characterizes young Canadians, the beauty and the majesty of it all—this is enough and to spare for your constructive talents. May you write a line for history. There can be no greater achievement.

Yesterday a library building was opened at this University commemorating by name a man who loved books, and who had accumulated, and had read carefully, a large collection of books relating to Canadian history, Canadian exploration, and Canadian development. In these four hundred years there has been no mean achievement. Time may show that the next hundred years will far outstrip all that has gone before, not only in material progress—and that we may prophesy with considerable certainty—but to the contributions to the deeper values in life. Of this latter we are not so certain but we have a reasonable hope. That hope is bound on yourselves and others like you in the Canadian institutions of learning. It would be my hope and my faith, as one to whom this University has meant, and continues to mean much, that you will get both satisfaction and joy in confronting the opportunities that lie before you.

Mr. Chancellor, I join with my colleagues whom you have honoured in wishing these happy young people God speed.

Report of the President to Convocation

May 17, 1951

By Andrew Stewart

Yesterday I referred to various features of the life and work of the University of Alberta during the year 1950-51. This afternoon I shall report on some aspects of the financial position of the University.

In common with the other universities of the country, the position of the University is affected by two factors: first, the decline in revenue from fees and from the supplementary grant of the Department of Veterans Affairs; and second, the continuous pressure on costs resulting from the general inflationary tendencies.

In 1947-48, when registrations during the winter session reached the peak figure of 4,865, the University received a total of $688,552 in tuition fees, or an average of $140 per student. The fees of student veterans were paid by the Department of Veterans Affairs, and in addition this department of the Federal Government paid to the University a supplementary grant of $150 per student veteran toward the additional costs which the influx of student veterans would necessarily occasion. The total supplementary grant, 1947-48, amounted to $334,589. From this source and from tuition fees the University received $1,023,141.

In 1950-51, when only 481 student veterans were in attendance, and total registrations had dropped to 3,730, the supplementary grant from the Department of Veterans Affairs was $70,500, and $601,000 was received from tuition fees—an

average of $161.13 per student. The total revenue from these sources was $671,500, or $351,641 less than in 1947-48.

Proceeding into 1951-52, the University faced a further estimated decrease in registration to 3,330, which, at the fees prevailing in 1950-51, would have meant a further substantial decline in revenues; and, in addition, the University was confronted with the cessation of the supplementary grant.

Another source of revenue is found in the operating departments which include the bookstore, cafeterias, and residences with their dining halls. The University has never sought any substantial net revenue from these services provided for the students. In early years it was possible to operate these departments, keeping prices reasonable to the student, and to record a small profit. In 1938-39, the cost of room and board in the residences was $30 per month. After the war when the residences were returned to the University, rates were set at $40. Successive increases brought the charge, for a double room, to $52 in 1950-51. The increase in rates between 1938-39 and 1950-51, using the double room, was 73%. Since the war, the residences have consistently shown a deficit on operations. The deficit in 1950-51 was in the order of $18,000.

Still another source of revenue is from endowments. In the case of the privately-supported universities this is a major source of income. In 1938-39, the University of Alberta received $12,500 in revenue from this source, and exactly the same amount in 1950-51. It is true that the University receives substantial grants in aid of research from various sources, but these are provided only to meet additional out of pocket expenses associated with the specific research. They do not provide any net revenue to assist in meeting administrative and instructional costs.

The final source of revenue is the operating grant from the Province of Alberta. In 1947-48, the Provincial grant amounted to $977,340. As University revenues from other sources diminished, the grant was progressively increased to $1,400,000 in 1950-51. In 1947-48, the grant represented 47.9% of total revenues of the University; in 1950-51, 65.9%. In 1947-48, the grant was equivalent to $201 per student; in 1950-51, $375 per student.

In these circumstances, faced with increasing costs, and despite an increase in the Provincial grant to $1,700,000 for 1951-52, an increase in tuition fees could not be avoided. The University has therefore announced increases in tuition fees equivalent to an over all increase of about 20%. Depending on actual registrations next year, this increase in rates of fees may be expected to bring in the same revenue as in 1950-51. The University has also announced an increase in the rates for room and board in the residences. This increase is not in itself expected to be sufficient to clear the deficit and meet anticipated higher costs of food. It will be necessary to make some reductions in the services offered in the residences.

The circumstances I have described are common across the country. Practically all universities have announced increases in charges to students. The new fees at the University of Alberta are not high in comparison with fees in other Canadian universities. They are, indeed, lower than most. Nor can it be said that the charges to students have, in the post-war period, risen in proportion to the general

rise in the prices of goods and services and in money incomes generally. It follows that many Alberta students are better able to meet the new charges, than are many students in other provinces and than were many students in the pre-war years.

However, other considerations are important. Referring to the problem of fees in Canadian universities, Principal James of McGill has recently stated: "In point of fact, a young Canadian from a family in modest circumstances has less chance of getting a university education today than the youth of any other country with which I am familiar."

It is sound policy, that university students who receive substantial benefits from the opportunity afforded them at a subsidy-supported institution should make a significant contribution toward the cost of this university education. Because of wide general benefits accruing to the community from citizens with a training which can be obtained only at the universities, it has never been and never will be sound policy to bar from the universities young men and women who have the ability and willingness to work, merely because of financial incapacity.

With the raising of the level of fees it is imperative that the universities seek additional scholarships, and endeavour to extend the loan-fund resources at their disposal. Today the number of scholarships available to students in Canada is less than in any other English-speaking country. A survey of 16 of the larger Canadian universities shows that in 1948-49 only 8% of the students were receiving any form of scholarship. In Great Britain 41% of all students attending university were in receipt of scholarships or bursaries, in 1935-36. By 1948-49 this percentage had risen to 74%, while in Oxford and Cambridge more than 80% of the students were receiving financial assistance. In Australia 58% were assisted in 1949, and in 1950 the present Commonwealth Government set up 3,000 additional scholarships covering tuition, and board and lodging.

At the present time the problem of the capable student, with limited financial resources on which he can draw, is to decide between immediate employment, often offering substantial income at the moment, and a period of loss of earnings and direct investment in a university education, which ultimately will more than compensate for his investment. However, the heavy burden of present investment is such that the short-range solution of the problem is adopted. He chooses immediate employment rather than further training. From this point of view there is a strong case for the extended application of the loan principle. The loan meets the immediate investment problem; it can be returned as the investment begins to pay dividends.

During the depression period the Dominion of Canada entered into an arrangement with the Provinces to provide assistance for technical training. Today the University has available to it limited Dominion-Provincial funds to be loaned to approved applicants. After the war, the Dominion of Canada embarked upon an educational rehabilitation program by which veterans received the opportunity of a university education. More than 50,000 veterans embarked on the program; more than 40,000 will graduate. The Dominion Government paid nearly $33,000,000 to the universities to cover fees; it paid out more than $90,000,000 in living allowances

to student veterans; the supplementary grants to the universities aggregate more than $18,000,000.

Neither of these programs of the Dominion of Canada was introduced merely to assist individuals or to compensate those assisted for services rendered to the country. They were introduced mainly to meet a national need and to advance the national interest. The veteran rehabilitation program, perhaps the finest experiment of its kind ever attempted, succeeded magnificently. Today, the national need is again urgent. The need is not solely for technical training; there is need too for a general elevation of the spirit and strengthening of the intellectual support of democracy. But there is an imperative need for technically trained personnel, if this country is to meet its obligations as a member of the community of free nations, in industrial expansion based on the resources of the country and in the creation of the means for adequate defence. Impoverished universities cannot meet this need. Depleted enrollments will leave the need unfilled. The problem is seen most clearly and felt most keenly by those closely concerned with university administration, but the problem is also one of national extent and of national concern. It can only be solved on a national scale by the Federal Government, but each individual in Canada who is able to help can derive immense personal satisfaction and make a significant contribution to the progress of our country by doing what he can to aid deserving students to begin a university career.

Presentation of Dr. Robert Newton

By Andrew Stewart

Eminent Chancellor:

I have the honor to present to you for the rank of President Emeritus a man who has shared this platform with you on many previous Convocations and who now returns to receive an honor unique in the history of this University.

Though Dr. Robert Newton served with distinction as a Professor of Field Husbandry at the University of Alberta and as a Divisional Director of the National Research Council, I feel that his greatest work was done during his term of ten years as President of the University from 1941 *to* 1950.

That decade of service began with his work as a member of the Survey Committee which was set up to examine the function of the University and its relation to the Province and to the Government. Next it demanded the greatest amount of administrative skill in meeting the problems of the war period. It concluded with the urgent task of coping with the influx of veterans at the war's end into a university which had seen no major construction in a quarter of a century.

In dealing with administrative problems of immediate urgency, Dr. Newton never lost sight of the value of academic standards and growth nor

of the need for long-term planning. He was careful to ensure that the quality of the work done by staff and students alike did not deteriorate, and as early as 1944 he was planning the expansion of the teaching and research facilities here which you see coming to fruition now.

When he decided to retire to less onerous tasks, the Governors felt he had fully won the right to the rank of Emeritus. It is my duty and my pleasure, therefore, to ask you to declare Dr. Robert Newton to be President Emeritus of the University of Alberta.

Historic occasion: Dr. Andrew Stewart, President of the University; Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of Queen's University, former President of the University of Alberta; the Right Honorable E. C. Manning, LL.D., Premier of the Province of Alberta; and President Emeritus of the University, Dr. Robert Newton—photographed at the opening of the Rutherford Library.

Presentation of F. G. Winspear

By Andrew Stewart

Eminent Chancellor:

I have the honor to present to you Mr. Francis George Winspear for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA.

Mr. Winspear was born in Birmingham, England, in 1903. *His family came to Canada in* 1910, *and he received his education in Calgary. Having obtained his C.A., he moved to Edmonton and, in* 1930, *embarked on two activities which he was to continue together for the next twenty years. He opened his own office as a Professional Accountant and accepted a position as Instructor in Accounting at the University of Alberta.*

During his twenty years' service to the University, Mr. Winspear rose from Instructor to Professor of Accounting. For a number of years he was active in developing the School of Commerce, which had been set up in 1928 *under a governing committee. This vigorous School owes much to the effort and guidance given to it by Mr. Winspear. But his service to the University has not been limited to his contribution in developing the School of Commerce. In* 1942, *he served as a member of the University Survey Committee, and lately led the campaign to provide for the furnishings of the new Students' Union Building.*

Mr. Winspear's active participation in the work of the University did not prevent him from building up his business as a practising accountant, and he was joined in the firm by several of his former students. He is a member of the Institutes of Chartered Accountants of Alberta, British Columbia, and Manitoba, and of the Society of Industrial Accountants of Alberta, and has maintained a continuous interest in the educational programs of these organizations.

In recent years Mr. Winspear has extended his activities into a number of business enterprises which have an important place in the commercial and industrial life of the Province of Alberta. As a business man he became active in the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, and its President in 1949. *During his vigorous leadership the Edmonton Chamber became the most alert and effective member of the national organization. This was fittingly recognized in* 1950 *when he was elected President of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. During the months he has occupied this position, Mr. Winspear has represented the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Europe and in many parts of the United States; on these occasions he has been a Canadian Ambassador of good will. He has visited every Province of the Dominion; and has been a western Ambassador for national unity.*

Eminent Chancellor, for the degree of Doctor of Laws, HONORIS CAUSA, *I present to you a former colleague, a loyal friend to the University, a leader in the business life of Alberta, and a worthy representative of Canadian business, Mr. Francis George Winspear.*

Address to the Graduating Class

May 17, 1951

By F. G. Winspear.

I would be less than human if I were not very gratified and happy by the honor which you have bestowed on me—particularly as it has been bestowed concurrently upon two great Canadians in the persons of Dr. Wallace and Dr. Stanley. Of course I realize that it has been bestowed because I happen this year to lead a national organization of business men, and I should accept this honor as a tribute of this University to Canadian business. That fact, of which I am properly conscious, does not detract, but rather enhances my own pleasure and enjoyment in the occasion.

I am particularly fortunate in my sponsor. It was indeed a happy confluence of affairs which brought together the lives of Andrew and Jessie Stewart with the life of this University. This University, this pleasing stream will be deepened in knowledge and widened in influence by that junction. But President Stewart is of course only one of many on the faculty who have served so quietly and so unassumingly, and have contributed so many of the things which are really worth while in the life of this province and of Canada.

As I have visited the communities throughout Canada during this year of office I have made it a point of paying also a visit to the institutions of higher learning, the university or college or high school, which might be situated in that particular city or town. My fellow officers in the Canadian Chamber of Commerce have felt it to be important that at least two important members of the Canadian team—education and business should get to know each other better, should enter more fully into an understanding of the needs and the problems and the aptitudes of each other, and the part which each can play in building a greater Canada.

And that reminds me that some weeks ago I happened to be in Kingston, Ontario, and I had the great pleasure of visiting Queen's University, which has for so many years been administered with such scholarship and distinction by Dr. Robert C. Wallace. I was escorted around the campus by Dr. McIntosh and I enjoyed some of its well known hospitality. I was given an opportunity of talking to some of the students and staff. I went through the Students' Union Building, and whereas there are from the outside distinct architectural differences between that building aud our own Sudents' Union Building just completed, I was struck by many similarities of appointments and facilities.

Somewhere in those halls I saw these words taken from the thirty-third chapter of Isaiah, "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times." And when I left Kingston those words seemed to be ringing through my head, and I pondered them as I travelled on the train. The stability of our times—it would be nice to have a modicum of stability. Stability seems to be one of the things that we are missing in these times. We seem to be plagued by instability; internationally, ruth-

less and covetous men engender and encourage instability; Canada is probably the most stable nation in the world, but even in our country we sometimes feel, do we not, that instability arises from misunderstandings between labor and management, and government, and agriculture, and churches.

What then, is this thing which that old wise prophet of old said would give us stability in our times?—Wisdom and Knowledge. What do we mean by wisdom, and what do we mean by knowledge? I suppose that knowledge is something that is acquired in universities. I happen to be amongst those 99% of Canadians who have not had the opportunity so far of graduating from a university, but I suppose that the main intent and purpose of going to university is to acquire a certain measure of knowledge. It is a process of searching for truth. The student has available to him many centuries of experience in the particular branch of knowledge which he has decided to profess. He finds that certain truths can be stated in general terms, and as he acquires these generalities, so does he acquire knowledge. But in acquiring knowledge does he necessarily acquire wisdom? I think not, because I suggest to you that knowledge is contained in wisdom. That as through a process of living and obtaining experience we articulate knowledge to the particular conditions and needs of our fellow men, we adopt it and use it to meet the changing needs of a changing society, so do we gradually become wise; and then we have both wisdom and knowledge. In short, I am suggesting to you that it is possible for a man to have knowledge without wisdom, but it is not possible for a man to have wisdom without knowledge.

Do you remember what Locke had to say? "Wisdom," he said, "is the art or process of using knowledge." It is knowledge plus experience. "Wisdom, I take in the popular acceptation, for a man's managing his business ably and with foresight in this world." Locke distinguished between wisdom and cunning. Cunning is an inability to accomplish one's ends by direct means, and therefore the use of knowledge for trickery and circumvention.

This is the other side of a concept which may be dear to you. That youth armored with knowledge and equipped with energy must be served. For if wisdom comes with maturity, and I think that it usually does, then it necessarily follows that a contribution to the stability of our times may well be made by men and women in the evening of life. In fact, I know companies which are being served, and well served, by men in their eighties, who on the board of directors exercise wise mature judgment, reinforced by a lifetime of knowledge, and often with an amazing flexibility of outlook. On the other hand, of course, it is notable that some men and women have been able to broaden knowledge into wisdom at a very early age. We must be careful, must we not, not to be too arbitrary in our judgments, even with respect to the relative advantages of youth and age.

One of the very encouraging things to me about business and the function which it is playing in the Canadian scene at the present time, is that more and more university graduates are obtaining positions of importance and significance in the

business world, and because they started off with a certain fundamental knowledge they have through practice and experience developed that knowledge into wisdom, and thus they are making a very real contribution to their province, to their country and to humanity as a whole. They have a wide sense of stewardship, and a wise sense of responsibility to the other members of the Canadian team—to government, to labor, to agriculture, to education. Sometimes it does seem to me that some business men tend to be intolerant because they simply haven't got the necessary knowledge from which wisdom is developed. It is hard for a business leader to be wise in his attitude towards labor if he has no knowledge of the aspirations and the attitude of labor. It is difficult for a university professor, for instance, to be wise in his attitude toward business unless he has some knowledge of the problems and needs of business. It is difficult for a farmer to be wise in his attitude towards education unless he has some knowledge of the educational process and of the functions which it is intended to perform. By that I do not suggest that in order to be wise we have to know everything about everything. Very often the first step in the acquisition of knowledge is a consciousness of how little we know about a certain topic. I do suggest to you that wisdom and tolerance are two words which are almost synonymous, and that some knowledge of a problem is essential to a wise and tolerant attitude.

So much for us as individuals. What about our public responsibilities? For a man does not get the best out of life unless he gives at least something of himself to public service—in the same way that a student doesn't get the best out of his university life, unless he balances his personal aspirations and ambitions with at least some measure of extracurricular activities. And so, I hope that very shortly you will be making your contribution to the Chamber of Commerce, or the Community Chest, or to labor or agricultural organizations, or to one or more of the many fine women's societies. Possibly—I hope you may even find your way to the town council, or the provincial legislature, even the Dominion house. And you may sometimes wonder, as I have wondered, if there is not a tendency for these organizations to speak hurriedly, sometimes hysterically, without knowledge and therefore without seasoned judgment, and without wisdom. When public bodies so speak, they contribute not to stability, but to instability. "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge." (Job 38:1-2.)

But you, with your training, and as members of this convocation will realize the importance of knowledge—the importance of getting necessary data, of analyzing and dissecting that data, of arranging facts into their proper relationship, and into a reasonable focus, one to the other. So that in public affairs too, knowledge may mature into wisdom—wise judgment may be based on knowledge. Then individually, civically, provincially, nationally, internationally, "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of our times."

Address to Alumni

By Marian Gimby '26

May 15, 1951

You do me a great honour in inviting me here tonight, and you give me a great pleasure, too. This is a happy occasion for all of us—your graduation and the silver anniversary of mine.

I wish to thank you for the honour. This is a compliment to me personally, which I deeply appreciate, the highest in your power to bestow and one of the richest I could ever receive. I take it also as a compliment to women in general, a recognition of services rendered to the community outside the home, which are not always valued as highly as they might be, and do not gain the tangible rewards. For this reason, if for no other, I must have accepted.

And I take it also as a compliment to the Alberta Teachers' Association. Symbolically through me, you are doing honour to all your teachers, from kindergarten up through university. Some of you are going out to be teachers yourselves. It is very satisfying to find, each year, more and more highly trained teachers graduating from our universities. To you I say, "Welcome to our profession. Come on into teaching and *stay in*, for better, for worse. It is one of the noblest professions in the world, but the world will never see it so, as long as our members use it as a stepping stone, or a stop-gap to *anything*." Moreover, teaching is the profession of all university professors, and our organization is built broadly to include them all. We are glad and proud that there are some already who realize how much their membership in it does to strengthen and stabilize the teaching profession, and who come to us of their own free will, as we came together in the beginning. The Alberta Teachers' Association seeks the good of the whole education system. There is always welcome on the mat, and a fatted calf in store for every prodigal professor, and great is the joy of the A.T.A. for everyone that cometh.

This dinner is given by the Alumni Association to the graduands, their parents and friends. Some of you parents here tonight and some who unfortunately cannot be here are personal friends of mine. I share your happiness. Don't think that a school teacher doesn't know something of what it must mean to raise a child. Never a September comes but I see before me rows and rows of young human dynamos resplendent in new school clothes. At what a cost! Books cost money—and sweaters and skates and ski pants. New outfits again after Christmas and again after Easter, and so on year after year. And your grocery bills—how did you ever feed those children? You didn't have that second honeymoon; you didn't even have that new spring hat. You did without. Your fur coat turned into a hospital bill. Your hobbies, your holidays, your very privacy you sacrificed. For twenty years.

There must be some compensating joys. Because tonight as you feast your eyes on these radiant children—who take everything you do for them for granted,

who have no notion what they mean to you and will not know until they have lived through your experiences—tonight I do not need to ask you, "Would you do it all over again?" Mothers and fathers, I congratulate you on this graduation festivity. This is your moment of triumph and joy.

Young people, members of the Graduating class—this is the happy ending you have worked and longed for. I hope you have been happy at this university, as happy as anyone ever is in this imperfect world. If you got less from university life than you expected or wanted, at least you probably got as much as your teachers knew how to give you. No matter. The time will come, and sooner than you think, when you will look back on your days here as golden days of sunshine and security and love. Memory plays strange tricks with us; like the sundial it counts no hours but happy ones.

Through the centuries men have looked back to their own colleges and schools with an affection for the Alma Mater which can deepen to a passion of tenderness. Let me read to you, from a poem by Maurice Baring, a tribute to one of the famous public schools of England—Eton. He begins, "Farewell! This is the first, the worst farewell," and goes on to name beloved names of places meaningful and dear to him as Whitemud, Athabasca, Tuck, or Convocation Hall are dear to you.

"Tomorrow I shall be beyond the spell,
The fields behind, the road
Before me; banished from the wishing well
And on my back a load.

'Yet none can steal the tasted happiness;
And if I meet dark hours,
Dear Mother, I will turn in my distress
Back to thy chiming towers.

"Though pangs begotten of sweet memory
Make worse the present woe,
I'll turn to thee and say, 'At Eton I
Was happy long ago.'

"What can I give thee, Mother, in return
For all thy gifts to me?
What if no laurel shall adorn my urn
Nor deed of high degree?

"Others with honour, glory and green bays
Shall brighten thy bright fame.
I, with no more than love, can swell thy praise
With one forgotten name."

That tender bond goes with us through the years, too deep, perhaps, too delicate to be put into words. You are the children of this university (the grandchildren, too, some of you), and some of you here tonight will come again to your children's graduation in 1976, or even sooner. The University of Alberta belongs to you, too, now. It is a part of your lives. What happens here can never be of no importance to you.

Great universities are made not only by munificent endowments, but by the lives of their devoted children, friends and servants. This university will grow to be as fine and splendid as our vision of it. The founders planned it magnificently. Students of this generation more than of any other since the first, have seen those plans take substance. The form is here, and growing, but the heart of the university is beating in our hearts wherever we may go throughout the world. It will live and flourish while we love it. It will become as great and famous as we believe it can be and shall be.

Members of the Graduating Class: Today is your day. But tomorrow you start in again as Freshmen in the Great Wide World. The world cares very little for your shining new diploma. You will speak of it seldom. You may even have to live it down at times. Tomorrow is another day.

One day at a time is all you have to live. Never show your private scars. The world inclines to take us at our face value—let the face be confident and serene. You will meet grief, outrageous fortune. You will get stones for bread. Frustration will cripple you and fiendish pain will clutch and tear your limbs. One day at a time. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

One day at a time is all you have to live. Savour life to the full: the honeycomb of youth, the ripeness of maturity, the fine bouquet of age, serene and pure. Each season of life brings its own happiness and the wheel comes full cycle and stops—for you, it's true; but you see springtime burgeoning again in your children and the children of your friends. Life gets more interesting year by year—less exciting perhaps, but more fascinating. And death itself is but one more tomorrow.

One day at a time. Let your mind help you to enjoy your joys and to belittle what must be endured. Live for today, for Today well lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. *Carpe diem.* And *carpe noctem,* too. Tonight's the Night.

Class of 1951—the first class of the Second half of the Twentieth Century—the better half, let us hope. To the past, then, to the future, but above all to the present. Here's to you. Our best to you.

May all your ships come home to port. May all your dreams come true.

—●—

Answer to Quizz (see p. 78): Up to and including the May Convocation, the University had awarded 12,552 degrees and 3,158 diplomas, exclusive of honorary degrees. Nearly half of these had been earned since 1944.

the chipmunk

"What a great pity," thought the chipmunk, as he scurried across the campus one day, "that the majority of students never see the University in all its summer glory." Truly the grounds were never lovelier than this summer. An excellent job of landscaping has covered the ugly scars of new construction, while well-kept shrubs, trees and cool green lawns give the older parts of the campus an inviting appearance of leisurely serenity — an appearance only, we should add, for even in the height of summer the campus is more like a hive of bees than an ivory tower.

Almost on the heels of convocation comes Farm Young People's Week, Feeders' Day brings many visitors, then come the crowded weeks of Summer School—and sandwiched in here and there the many short courses and schools sponsored by the Department of Extension. And besides all this flurry of activity at home, there is the Banff School, which, by the way, this year won the Henry Marshall Tory award for outstanding service to the Canadian community in the field of Adult Education.

Part of the University's program to foster the appreciation of the arts in Canada is the establishment of three national awards in the arts, to be given annually for distinguished contributions over a period of time, to the advancement of letters, music, and the graphic arts The awards were made this year to three well-known Canadians: Miss Mazo de la Roche, in letters, Dr Healey Willan, in music, and Dr. A. Y. Jackson, in painting. Miss de la Roche needs no introduction, being world-famous for her series of Jalna books, which have been translated into many foreign languages, and have been adapted with great success for the London stage. Dr. Healey Willan is equally well-known, being organist and lecturer in music at the University of Toronto and one of Canada's most distinguished composers. He is also Vice-Principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, President of the Canadian College of Organists, Director of Music of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in Toronto, and conductor of the Tudor Singers Dr. Alexander Y Jackson, C M G , is one of the famous "Group of Seven" and is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and of the Royal Canadian Academy. Dr. Jackson has been an instructor in the Banff School on several occasions.

The award in letters was presented by President Stewart to Miss de la Roche at the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association in July The other two awards were presented at a dinner during Festival Week which marks the climax of the Banff School's activities. For this occasion, and for the dedication of two chalets which have come into operation this summer, a special meeting of the Board of Governors was held at the School, —the first time that such a meeting has taken place in Banff Presentation of the chalets to the University was made by Mrs J. H. Woods in memory of her husband, the late Col. Woods.

During the summer the Extension Department held several short courses: one on the campus, for librarians of small libraries, and two at Banff, a refresher course in Municipal Administration and a short course in School Administration. A "Home and School Workshop in Discussion Techniques" is planned for September 10th to 12th. As far as we know, this is the first Home and School workshop to be held at Banff, and is intended for all those interested in group discussion methods, both as members and as leaders. The workshop will be under the direction of Mr. S. O. Hillerud, of the Department of Extension, Miss M V. Smith, of the University of British Columbia Department of Extension, and Mr. A. B. Evenson of the Department of Education.

Three Community Life Camps were held, one at the Fairview School of Agriculture, for the North Peace River District, one at Beaverlodge for the South Peace River District, and one at Gooseberry Lake.

In the last week in August a short course in Driver Education and Training was held for the benefit of High School Teachers, representatives of firms operating fleets of vehicles, and others interested in teaching the principles of safe driving.

To keep pace with the needs of the expanding oil industry in Alberta, the University is extending its program of schools for oil workers. In addition to the "Mud School" and the "Oil Treating School," a "Gas Metering School" is now offered, and this year a "Mud School" was held at Mount Royal College in Calgary as well as in Edmonton The problem of safety in the oil fields is receiving considerable attention. Conferences are held right on the drilling sites to discuss safety precautions and technical procedures leading to greater efficiency. It is hoped also to offer schools or institutes in other phases of the oil industry.

In answer to the long felt need for expansion of the Calgary branch of the University, first year courses leading to the degrees of B.A, B.Sc in Arts, and B.Sc. in Nursing will be offered this year in Calgary. This will also provide the first year of University work for students seeking admission to the faculties of Medicine, Dentistry and Law at the University's main branch

Subjects taught in the Faculty of Arts and Science will include English, French, History, Political Economy, Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology and Physical Education, with the possible addition of German and Latin. Five additional staff members will be appointed to provide instruction in the expanded program and additional clerical and technical staff will also be named. Teacher training courses in the Faculty of Education will be continued as in past years.

An instance of the way in which research, teaching, and practice are effectively combined is to be seen in the Education Clinic now being operated by members of the staff of the University of Alberta's Faculty of Education.

The work of the Clinic was begun by Dr. H. E Smith, now Dean of the Faculty of Education, and is at present under the direction of Dr. G. M. Dunlop, Professor of Education and head of the Division of Educational Psychology in the University. Assisting Dr. Dunlop are Dr. R. E. Rees, Miss Muriel Caldwell, and Miss Jean Dey specializing in reading problems, Dr. Stanley C. Clarke in maladjustments of personality, and Miss E. A. Hastie in speech defects. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Dunlop also serve as vocational counsellors.

Since the establishment of the Student Advisory Services at the University under the direction of Dr. A. J. Cook, University students in need of advice on personal and academic problems are assisted by this Service, and the Education Clinic concentrates its efforts on assisting students referred to them by the public and high schools of the city and vicinity and from elsewhere.

Problems studied are: irregularities in educational attainment, aptitude and interest testing with a view to educational and vocational guidance, speech and reading difficulties, and personality problems. Study of the children and their problems serves to enlarge the experience and expand the knowledge of staff members in the nature of the difficulties likely to be met in the school and the home. The experience thus gained assists them in their teaching of Educational and Child Psychology in the University Faculty of Education and in passing the training on to teachers all over the province. In addition, from the practical point of view many young people and their parents receive the help and advice which they need.

Last year fifty-four cases were dealt with in the Clinic, and staff members spent over three hundred hours in studying and advising on the problems brought to them In some instances one counsellor took responsibility for the entire case, but usually a number of staff members were involved. Although the Clinic is still in the early stages of its development, University authorities hope that its activities may soon be expanded to increase the body of knowledge available and to assist larger numbers of persons in need of help.

Many alumni will be interested to hear that Mr. J. T. Jones of the English Department will

go on Sabbatical leave this year. He will spend most of his time in France and England, studying the work of Milton and the background of his thought.

The English Department will have a number of important changes this year. Mr. F. M. Salter has been appointed Head of the Department. Mr Henry Kreisel, author of **The Rich Man,** has been promoted to Assistant Professor A newcomer to the department will be Mr. R. G Baldwin, who comes to us from the University of British Columbia and the University of Toronto.

Teaching English at the Calgary Branch of the University will be Mr. Wilfred Watson. Mr. Watson has taught at the University of British Columbia and has recently been doing postgraduate work at Toronto.

Wm Mackenzie, graduate of Glasgow University with further degrees from Oxford and Cornell, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Political Economy to specialize in Agricultural Economics and Farm Management. Two new appointments in the Department of Physics are Dr. J H. Harrold, to be Assistant Professor, and Mr. R. T. Sharp to be Lecturer. Dr. Harrold, who holds degrees of B.A. and Ph D. from Toronto, has been on the staff of the University of Manitoba. Mr Sharp is completing his Ph D. in Physics at McGill A. F Affleck, graduate of the University of Toronto in Physical Education, and candidate for the degree of B.Ed. at the University of Alberta this year, will be Instructor in Physical Education. Three other graduates of the University of Alberta this year are returning as Sessional Instructors: Miss Eunice Robertson in English, Mr. D. N. Strilchuk in Pharmacy, and Mr. G. F. Gillespie in Chemistry. Dr. R Francis was appointed Sessional Instructor in Urology, Department of Surgery.

Dr. J W Macgregor, recently named Professor of Pathology and Head of the Department, has been confirmed as Provincial Pathologist in the Provincial Laboratory of Public Health on the approval of the Minister of Health, Dr. W. W. Cross.

Dr. H. T. Coutts, Chairman of the Division of Secondary Education in the Faculty of Education, has been promoted to the rank of Professor. Mr. B. E. Walker and Mr. W. E Hodgson have been promoted to the rank of Associate Professor in the same Faculty.

Promotions in the Faculty of Medicine include Dr. O. Rostrup from Lecturer to Associate Clinical Professor of Orthopedic Surgery, Dr. M. Weinlos to Lecturer in Pathology, Dr. A. W. Hardy to Lecturer in Clinical Surgery, Dr. G. K. Morton to Lecturer in Neurosurgery, and Dr. H. L. Richard to Lecturer in Clinical Surgery and Surgical Anatomy.

Miss Elaine Fildes, outstanding Canadian tennis star, has been made Lecturer in the Department of Physical Education Miss Fildes has been in England this summer as one of the supervisors in charge of the contingent of fifty girls visiting the United Kingdom as guests of Garfield Weston, prominent Canadian industrialist.

Dr. L. W. McElroy, Professor of Animal Husbandry, and a member of the University staff since 1943, has become Head of the Department of Animal Science, succeeding the late Dean Sinclair in that position. Dr. McElroy was born in Calgary and is a graduate of the University of Alberta with the degree of Ph D. in Animal Nutrition from the University of California.

Dr. John Unrau, Associate Professor of Genetics and Plant Breeding, was promoted to the rank of Professor and appointed Head of the Department of Plant Science, succeeding Dr. A. G. McCalla, recently made Dean of the Faculty. Dr. Unrau holds the degrees of B S A and M Sc. from the University of Saskatchewan and received his Ph D. in Agronomy from the State College of Washington

Dr. Allan Gibb, who holds degrees of B.Sc. and B.Ed. from Alberta, M A from Toronto, and Ed D from Stanford University, California, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Physics in the Calgary Branch of the University, succeeding Mr. J. G. Millar, who died suddenly last year.

Also appointed Assistant Professor in the Calgary Branch is Dr. J. G Woodsworth, now serving in the High Prairie School Division. Dr. Woodsworth is a graduate of the University of Alberta with Bachelor's degrees in both Arts and Education, and the Doctorate of Education in Educational Guidance from Stanford University.

CANADA'S BEST
for variety, value
and reliability

EATON'S 1951-1952
FALL and WINTER
CATALOGUE

THE T. EATON Co
WESTERN LIMITED

EATON ORDER OFFICES IN ALBERTA
Calgary - Camrose - Cardston - Drumheller - Edmonton - Grande Prairie
Lethbridge - Medicine Hat - Red Deer